Saturday Review

OCTOBER 17, 1953 / 20¢

Marchette Chute, author of "Ben Jonson of Westminster." (See page 13)

UNIVERSITY FOR UTOPIANS

By Robert M. Hutchins

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"They're Changing the Guard at Buckingham Palace"

You actually revisit your childhood when you visit Britain. Once again you're standing at the Palace gates with Christopher Robin and Alice. "A soldier's life is terrible hard, said Alice." Then, hearing the bells of London Town, you fondly remember another nursery rhyme—"Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's." Seeing the Lord Mayor's golden coach roll by, you wonder if Dick Whittington and his cat might be inside. Instead of riding a cock-horse to Banbury Cross, you settle for a cocky little British sportscar (rented for $5 a day). Then on to Hilltop Farm in the Lake District where Peter Rabbit was born—or to Nottingham and Sherwood Forest. By now you've graduated from the nursery to more rugged adventures. Perhaps you're at the edge of misty, moody Dartmoor—listening with Sherlock Holmes for the baying Hound of the Baskervilles, or in Kent, shivering in your boots with Pip of Great Expectations. Or you're dining at "The Spaniards" at Hampstead Heath, where the Highwayman came riding . . . riding up to the old inn door. King Arthur, Ivanhoe, Lochinvar, Robert the Bruce—all your boyhood heroes welcome you to Britain. So do the friendly people of England, Scotland, Wales and Northern Ireland. So see your Travel Agent soon and come to Britain.

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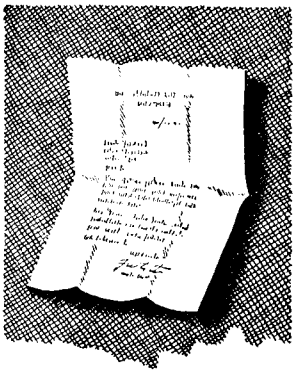
"DEAR SIRS: By 1960 please send me these items . . ."



The facts in this letter are not imaginary. They merely sum up what economists predict for the United States by 1960.

To American Industries

Dear Sirs:

By 1960, please arrange to be making thirty per cent more goods than you made for me in 1950.

I expect a growth of about twenty million people in my family, the same as in the past decade. Part of my order is because of them. Part is to increase my standard of living.

If possible, arrange more leisure time for me. I do not wish to work longer hours to pay for increased purchases.

You will, of course, find me new products better than the old. You have done this in the past, but please increase your efforts.

Please tell the electrical manufacturers to be making 2 times as much by 1960. I am increasing particularly my purchases from them.

Very truly yours,
(*signed*) The American Public

What this letter calls for is clearly understood by any company or industry that has earned public good will and hopes to keep it.

Here are three moves that General Electric is accordingly making:

First, if production and leisure are to increase at the same time, the nation's skilled man power must be used with increased effectiveness. To help create more goods to meet America's needs, General Electric is in the middle of a billion-dollar expansion program.

Second, products now on sale must *do* more if people are to get more for their money. Examples may help here. Engineers at General Electric have multiplied the efficiency of turbines, the light from lamps, the power of x-rays, and so on. Such engineering is and must be an always expanding program.

Third, new products must be found to make known products obsolete by comparison. To find new truths, research in America must increase. At General Electric, new research facilities and people are being added.

Here are some fields where scientists say new discoveries could make a big difference to all of us . . . ways to convert atomic energy into useful power . . . ways to store heat for later use . . . ways to create light from now invisible infrared rays . . . "fuel cells" to convert energy of gaseous combustion directly into electricity . . . new metals to stand higher heat (for jet engines and turbines).

October 15th marks General Electric's 75th anniversary. We start the next 75 years with greater experience, more capacity and, we hope, more efficient planning. We hesitate to look back over our shoulders at what has been developed — modern x-ray, electrically driven trains and ships, the tungsten lamp, the fluorescent lamp and such— for we are convinced that the findings of the future will be more significant.

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 17, 1953

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SR's Library Poll

FICTION and general titles were evenly divided in *The Saturday Review*'s Library Poll this week of books most in demand by readers, with Norman Vincent Peale's "The Power of Positive Thinking" moving into top place for the first time.

The leading fiction title reported by representative libraries from coast to coast was "Désirée," by Annemarie Selinko. The twenty leading books were:

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **The Power of Positive Thinking** by Norman Vincent Peale (G)*
2. **Désirée** by Annemarie Selinko (F)**
3. **Sexual Behavior in the Human Female** by Alfred C. Kinsey, *et al.* (G)
4. **From Here to Eternity** by James Jones (F)
5. **Beyond This Place** by A. J. Cronin (F)
6. **Too Late the Phalarope** by Alan Paton (F)
7. **The Unconquered** by B. A. Williams (F)
8. **Lélia** by André Maurois (G)
9. **The Robe** by Lloyd C. Douglas (F)
10. **Battle Cry** by Leon Uris (F)
11. **Call Me Lucky** by Bing Crosby (G)
12. **The Silent World** by J.-Y. Cousteau (G)
13. **A House Is Not a Home** by Polly Adler (G)
14. **The Rommel Papers** ed. by B. H. Liddell-Hart (G)
15. **Time and Time Again** by James Hilton (F)
16. **The Caine Mutiny** by Herman Wouk (F)
17. **India and the Awakening East** by Eleanor Roosevelt (G)
18. **Come, My Beloved** by Pearl Buck (F)
19. **The Spirit of St. Louis** by Charles A. Lindbergh (G)
20. **Life Among the Savages** by Shirley Jackson (G)

CONTRIBUTING LIBRARIES

Atlanta (Ga.), Birmingham (Ala.), Boston (Mass.), Buffalo (N.Y.), Chicago (Ill.), Cleveland (Ohio), Dallas (Tex.), Des Moines (Ia.), Louisville (Ky.), Los Angeles (Calif.), Milwaukee (Wis.), Minneapolis (Minn.), New York (N.Y.), Omaha (Neb.), Philadelphia (Pa.), Pittsburgh (Pa.), Richmond (Va.), St. Louis (Mo.), Washington (D.C.). —W.D.P.

* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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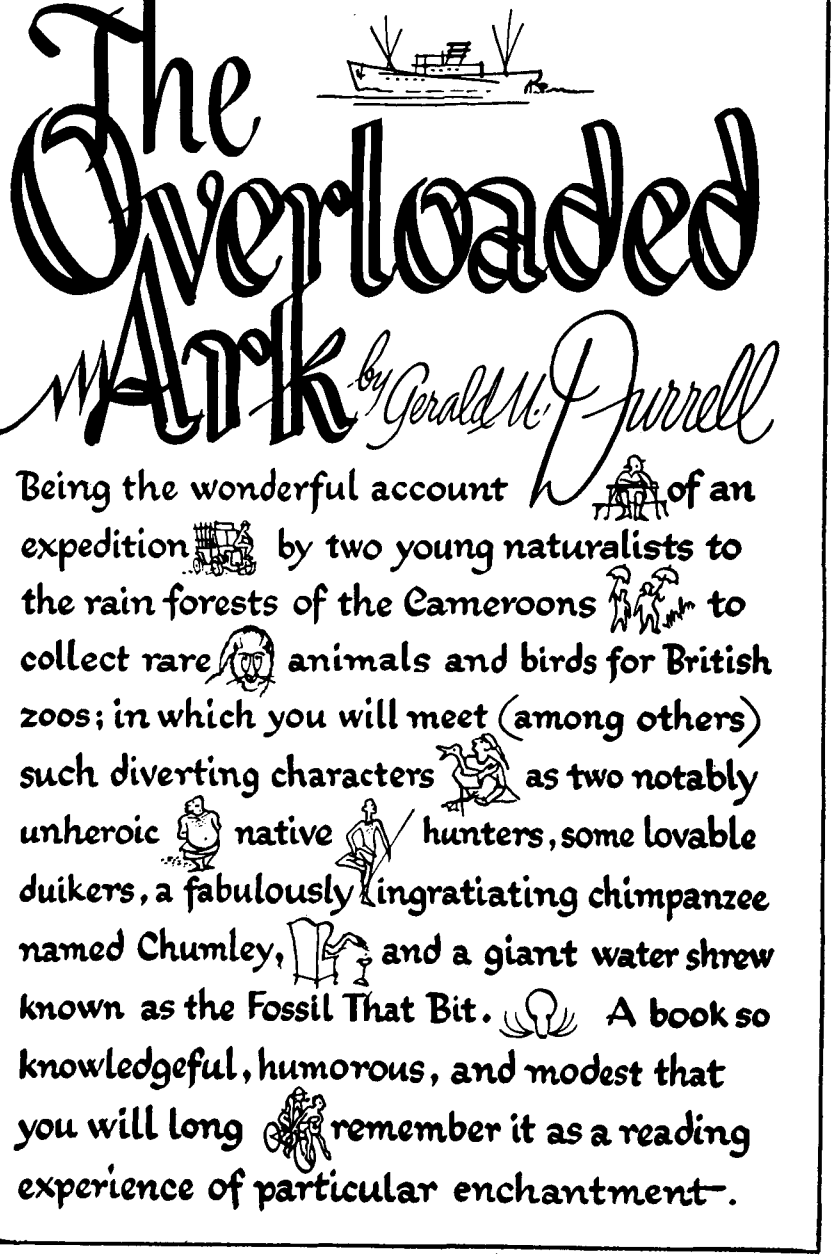
The Overloaded Ark
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TRADE Winds

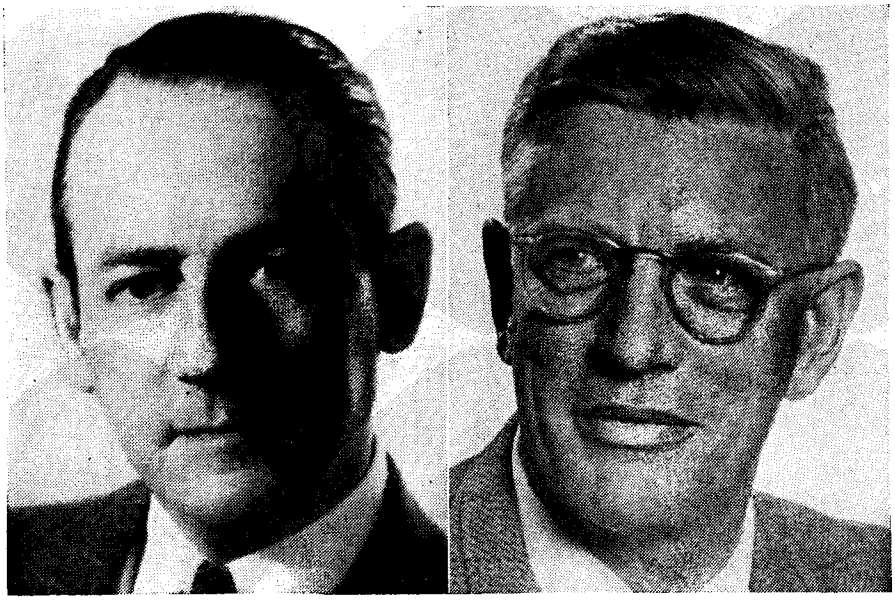
THIS IS THE STORY of a man who parlayed a ten-cent, paper-covered cook book, in a period of twenty years, into an annual business in books of over thirty-five million dollars! Involved are such corporate giants as Sears Roebuck and John F. Cuneo of Cuneo Press, but the guiding genius is a single individual named Leonard Davidow.

The reason you probably haven't heard about him is that he is as publicity-shy as he is brilliant, shunning the limelight more zealously than a bearded lady at a barbers' convention. It took me over two years to pin him down for the interview that provided the following facts.

Davidow is a product of the New York public-school system, but it was in Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1923, that he set up shop as the Berkshire News Company, selling books at retail and acting as wholesale distributor of magazines and newspapers. In the latter capacity he was competing merely with the American News Company, but that didn't frighten him a bit—possibly because he never had seen the News Company's Machiavellian Harold Williams in action. His retail store—plus two branches—still operates, as a matter of fact, in its original location. To give you a notion of Davidow's modest scale of operation in those days, Lew Miller recalls that on his first visit as salesman for Garden City books Davidow's total fall order amounted to sixty dollars—and he asked if he could pay in three monthly instalments. At that time the Garden City reprints were all jacketed the same, with gaudy vertical stripes and indifferent typography. Davidow was the first to point out that these jackets would never do. "Put pictures on the outside, dress up your product, and you'll double your orders," he told Miller. His suggestion was adopted before the year was ended.

It was in 1931 that Davidow began his own publishing operations with a single item: "The Pennsylvania Dutch Cook Book," a forty-eight-page pamphlet retailing at a dime a copy. Davidow compiled the book with the assistance of Bill Dorman, a local newspaperman, and their task was slightly complicated by the fact that neither of them knew anything at all about cooking. They gathered their recipes from old church cook books, musty tomes at the historical museum, newspaper files—and from girls they took to the movies.

The result was not exactly a masterpiece of accuracy. To make matters worse, it developed that Dorman, who hated onions, meticulously pencilled mention thereof out of all recipes. Despite all this, however, no hex marked the spot. Pomeroy's, the leading department store in Reading, and the boys themselves sold out the entire printing of ten thousand copies in a fortnight. Obviously there was a market for Pennsylvania Dutch cooking recipes. Davidow bought out his partner, hired a genuine expert to rewrite the text (a practice he has



Leonard Davidow and Sanford Cobb—"instead of wringing hands and moaning."

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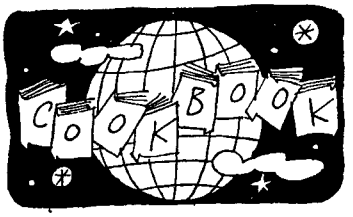
carefully adhered to ever since), and brought out a new edition at thirty-five cents. It has sold over two million copies and is still good for a hundred thousand or more every year.

Flushed with success, Davidow now published a "New England Cook Book," a "Southern Cook Book," and



a "Round-the-World Cook Book," in identical formats. A printer in Pottstown handled the entire output until the Hearst distributing organization, tipped off to the rapid sales rate, suddenly popped up with an order for several hundred thousand copies. Lenny Davidow needed a bigger printer. The Hearst people introduced him to one of the biggest in the land—John Cuneo. The year was 1936. It was a momentous meeting for both parties.

Cuneo's magazine printing plants were running full tilt but his bookbinding division, he freely admitted, was lagging far behind. "You look like a young man with drive and ideas," he told Davidow. "Come out to Chicago for a weekend and look over the possibilities." Lenny came for the weekend—and has been there ever since.

He promptly conceived two notions: a series of twenty classics in the public domain and a fifteen-volume encyclopedia (sources of the text somewhat clouded) to be sold through big newspapers for as little as thirty-nine cents to forty-nine cents a copy. Circulation wars were in progress at the time, and new gimmicks were needed badly. Just giving away money, via "lucky bucks," "bonanza bills," and the like were still many years in the future. Davidow was convinced (rightly, it developed) that newspaper readers all over the country would cheerfully clip six coupons and add thirty-nine cents to acquire "sumptuously bound and superbly printed" copies of "The Three Musketeers," etc.

It remained only to gain the support of a single big-shot circulation manager, and Lenny picked one of the biggest shots of them all—the formidable Harry M. Bittner, of Hearst's *New York Evening Journal*. Bittner was unimpressed, and Davidow made for the nearest exit. Over his shoulder, however, he threw his last pitch: "I'm sorry we couldn't see eye to eye on this, Mr. Bittner. I'm sure that in addition to building circulation it would have made $100,000 for the *Journal*." Bittner growled, "Come back here! What do you mean, $100,000?"

Lenny took his hand off the doorknob, went back to his seat, and got Bittner's signature on the dotted line. In the next twenty weeks the *Journal* sold over two million books, gained a lot of new readers, and made well over the hundred-thousand promised profit on the operation. Over 300 other metropolitan papers were soon begging to sign similar contracts. In a single year Cuneo, its facilities tested

to the bursting point, produced over twenty-nine million books—and Davidow sold every last one of them!

The bubble burst two years later, and an inventory of over four million books had to be remaindered in bargain basement sales, but Davidow,

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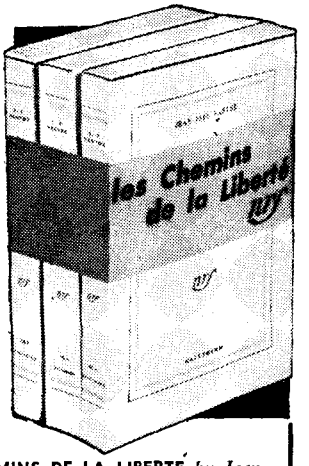

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The China Tangle

THE AMERICAN EFFORT IN CHINA FROM PEARL HARBOR TO THE MARSHALL MISSION

By HERBERT FEIS. Why did we fail in our attempt to build a free, united, and independent China? One of the most explosive controversies in American and world politics is here examined with uncompromising objectivity by the distinguished author of *The Road to Pearl Harbor.* Mr. Feis sets down the facts and lets the record speak for itself. His account carries exceptional authority because of his access to State Department records and the Hyde Park Papers. *456 pages, maps, $6.00*

The Origins of Soviet-American Diplomacy

By ROBERT PAUL BROWDER. When Litvinov arrived in Washington in 1933 after the sixteen years of diplomatic silence between his country and the U. S., he carried with him his commission as official representative to the U. S., dated 1918 and signed by Lenin and Chicherin, as evidence of the long-standing desire of the Soviet Union for recognition. This absorbing narrative tells of the events which led up to this dramatic arrival, heralded with such high hopes and good will, and of the collapse into discord and disillusionment which followed. *356 pages, $5.00*

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By HARVEY C. LEHMAN. This book assembles an incredible amount of statistical and factual information on man's creativity in relation to his chronological age in every field from prize-fighting to philosophy. The author's findings will surprise both the general reader and the specialist and may have far-reaching effects on established patterns in psychology and in education. *Published for the American Philosophical Society.*
378 pages. Charts and Graphs. $7.50

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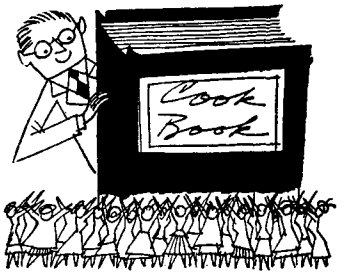
instead of wringing his hands and moaning that the whole publishing business was going to pot, had foreseen precisely this eventuality, and was off on new tacks before the boom was lowered. Back to his first love—compendiums of recipes—he developed the "American Woman's Cook Book" at $3.75 and the "U.S. Regional Cook Book" at $3.49, which between them have now sold over five million



copies. He also began experimenting with dictionaries, encyclopedias, and atlases on a subscription basis. The purchase of an old Bible publishing house in 1940 added new vistas. And a contract with some 400-odd newspapers and radio and television stations for a series of twenty-four new cook books in pamphlet form, with covers and inserts in full color, necessitated the creation of a staff of eleven trained experts who now are working on a brand-new series for 1954 unveiling. It's true that John Cuneo financed all these operations, but the man with the ideas and the know-how to carry them out was Davidow. Then in 1942 Sears Roebuck entered the picture.

Davidow's first association with the mammoth mail-order organization stemmed from the creation of the People's Book Club. Simon and Schuster were also participants at the outset, but withdrew three years later. At directors' meetings of the People's Book Club Davidow had the opportunity to learn to know Sanford Cobb, supervisor of Sears's subscription book department. Later these two were responsible for bringing to Sears a man named Clarence Hoffman, who in three short years has built an organization of field salesmen that now numbers 1,175. Both Cobb and Hoff-

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1020)

LORD TWEEDSMUIR:
PILGRIM'S WAY

Peace is that state in which fear of any kind is unknown. But Joy is a positive thing; in Joy one does not only feel secure, but something goes out from oneself to the universe, a warm, possessive effluence of love . . . Peace and Joy combined make Happiness.

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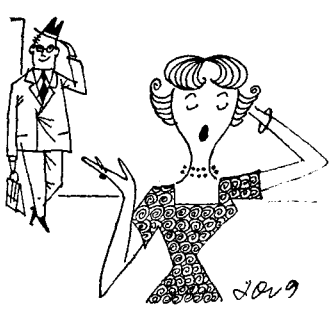
man are tops in their field. Davidow finds them ready and able to translate his most ambitious schemes into immediate action.

Since Sears Roebuck had transferred its ownership of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" to the University of Chicago as an outright gift in 1943, its board of directors was receptive to the notion of a brand-new *American* encyclopedia in twenty volumes —the biggest job of offset printing ever accomplished. Conceived in 1945, the set was ready for presentation to the public three years later. The 1953 sale will go over the twenty-five-million dollar mark—all by direct sales (the set is not used in Sears stores or in its catalogue). In the preparation of the "American People's Encyclopedia" over a hundred thousand questionnaires were sent out to schools, colleges, and libraries, probing the merits of existing encyclopedias and seeking to discover what features were desired most in a new one. Invaluable suggestions resulted, and the technique was repeated for the sixteen-volume "Children's Hour" —"books to grow on"—for school kids through junior high.

Leonard Davidow now commutes by plane all over the world and places orders in the millions, but by choice he remains a figure in the background. He was announced in my office by an unimpressed receptionist who only an hour previous had gone into a tizzy over a newspaper columnist who hasn't one tenth his ability, one twentieth his taste, or one fortieth his share of worldly goods. This impressed me as a striking commentary on our present-day sense of values. The blow-



hards command the spotlight. The men of solid accomplishment are content to hug the sidelines. But they are the ones who have made this country great.

Davidow had only one clipping to show me—to emphasize the troubles encountered by the editor of an encyclopedia today. A rival house, it seemed, had received a sharp protest from an irate reader. She had looked up the article on the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. "I read it through twice to make sure of your glaring omission," she complained, "You never tell who was buried there!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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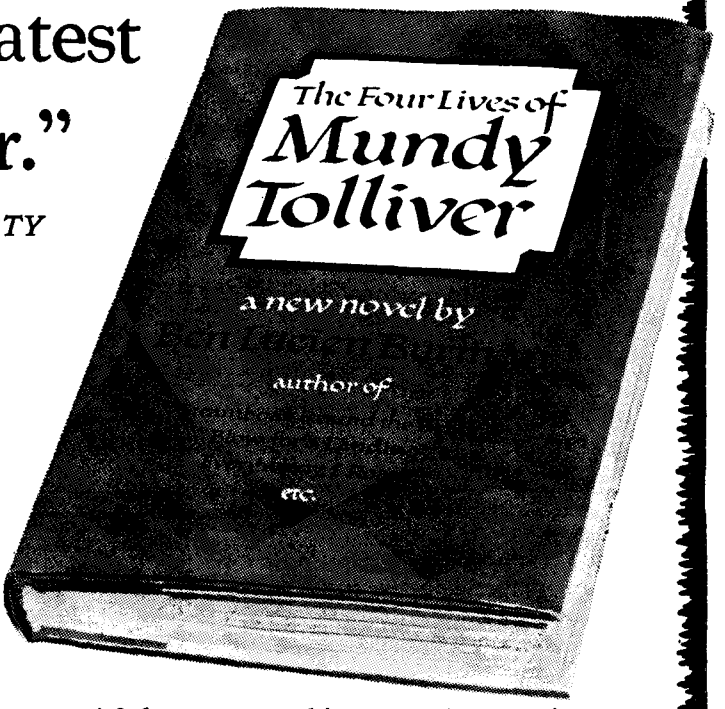
—*OLIVER ST. JOHN GOGARTY*



MR. GOGARTY goes on to say: "The only word I can think of is superb. It is at once a delight and a profound literary experience to come upon such beautiful writing; to meet these characters drawn with such delicacy and subtlety and truth. He is as versatile as Dickens and his characters are as vivid and vital. But Dickens lacks the subtle satire which is almost a lost art; Burman, master of English that he is, is master of a subtle irony."

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The Saturday Review

OCTOBER 17, 1953

UNIVERSITY FOR UTOPIANS

By ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

A Utopian board of trustees, says Mr. Hutchins, will insist that the University of Utopia be a cauldron of vigorous controversy. Is it reaching for the moon, he asks, to expect the same of Americans? Robert M. Hutchins, for many years chancellor of the University of Chicago, is associate director of the Ford Foundation. This article is drawn from his forthcoming "The University of Utopia," to be published December 10 by the University of Chicago Press.

THE universities from which our own are descended were founded in the Middle Ages. They were either corporations of students wanting to learn, as in Italy, or of teachers wanting to teach, as in France. Corporations that had special legal or customary privileges for the purpose of carrying out the intentions of the incorporators were common in those days. In some Italian cities the Guelf and Ghibelline party clubs, sworn to subvert the state, were recognized corporations specially licensed to work on the project they had in view. The university corporations of the Middle Ages at the height of their power were not responsible to anybody, in the sense that they could not be brought to book by any authority. They claimed, and succeeded in making their claim good, complete independence of all secular and religious control.

In asserting and establishing this claim they had one inestimable advantage: they had no property. If any secular or religious authority sought to control them, they would simply move away. Since the language that they used was good in any country, since a university was welcome anywhere, and since an inclination to travel has always been characteristic of the academic profession, they had no difficulty in translating themselves to another community or country whenever they felt the atmosphere of the one they were in was oppressive.

For example, the natural enemy of the University of Bologna, which was a corporation of students wanting to learn, was the landladies. When they put the rents too high the students would move the University to Siena and wait until a delegation of landladies besought them, with suitable tears, to return, and fixed a scale of prices acceptable to the student-managers of the University. The University of Paris several times thwarted the attempts of King or Archbishop to control it by leaving town, or threatening to do so.

The American university was not

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a corporation of students wanting to learn or teachers wanting to teach. It was a corporation formed by a religious denomination or by the state for the purposes of the denomination or the state. The American university in the seventeenth century was much closer to the American university today than to the medieval university. The Puritan communities wanted ministers and professional men and established universities as a means of getting them. Later the religious groups wanted to extend their influence and built universities for that purpose. The University of Chicago was founded by devout Baptists to combat the rising tide of Methodism in the Middle West. The requirements as to the religious affiliations of the president and the trustees were designed to keep the University on the right path. Fortunately, the combination of John D. Rockefeller, William Rainey Harper, and the enlightened wing of the Baptist Church preserved the university from too narrow an interpretation of its purpose.

In religious, economic, and political controversy one side or another has often tried to take over the American university. The outstanding example in more recent times was the Free Silver fight, in which presidents and professors lost their jobs because they took a view of the issue that was unpopular with those in a position to control the university. If a university is to inculcate doctrines endorsed by common opinion and to shun doctrines not so endorsed, those who seek to teach, or even to express, unpopular doctrines must be disposed of. Academic freedom is thus disposed of, too.

This attitude helps to transform an educational system into a custodial system, and a custodial system tends to confirm this attitude. Thus we come to the view of a university as a place in which the young are familiarized with the tribal mores and in which other activities immediately useful to the community are carried on.

THIS idea of a university is not helpful in meeting the present criticism of American education emanating from Congressional committees, which is to the effect that persons who do not share the common opinion as the members of such committees interpret it are not qualified to teach. We do not care enough about religion any more to worry about the religious views of members of university faculties. Free Silver is a dead issue. But whereas the Communist experiments in this country were once regarded as the work of harmless eccentrics, and ignored as such, now the discovery that a man has read the works of Karl Marx, or knows somebody who has, is enough to raise a question about trusting him in the classroom. Undoubtedly this attitude results from the Cold War, and when the Cold War comes to an end, as all things must, the intensity of the feeling in regard to teachers who are alleged to hold heretical political or economic views will somewhat abate.

But I suggest that our trouble is more fundamental than the Cold War, that it rests on a misconception of education and of the university, and that after the present issues disappear others will arise to plague us in their turn. Unless we can figure out what education is and what a university is, and unless we can build up a tradition in this country that supports these conceptions, education and the universities will always be at the mercy of those who honestly or for political purposes seek to make them the protagonists of their views.

I believe that the educators of America are largely responsible for the present confusion in and about education. They have felt obligated in my day to seek for money, first, last, and all the time. They have always supposed, I think erroneously, that money could be obtained only for activities that harmonized with the interests and opinions of those who had it. What they have done and what they have not done has been determined by financial considerations. When New York University dropped intercollegiate football the other day it did not say it was doing so because football in its present big-time, industrial form is an outrageously immoral activity, not only a departure and diversion from the purpose of the university, but also directly contrary to it. No, New York University said that it was abandoning football because football lost money.

I admit that this is a business civilization and that businessmen understand profit-and-loss statements and balance sheets. But one of the functions of educational leadership is to explain to businessmen that since a university has no profit-and-loss statement, and since its balance sheet is meaningless, there must be other standards by which its work is judged. Those standards are supplied by its purpose.

The claim of academic freedom is based on the high and serious calling of the academic profession. That calling is to think. A university is a center of independent thought. Since it is a center of thought, and of independent thought, it is also a center of criticism. The freedom of the modern university in a democratic society is not based on the remnants of a medieval tradition, but on the proposition that so-

(*Continued on page* 59)

The Juggler

(For Henry Ringling North)

By Robert Graves

POSTURING one-legged on a slack wire,
He is no illusionist (nor I a liar)
When his free foot tosses in sequence up,
To be caught confidently by the joggled head,
Saucer, cup,
saucer, cup,
saucer, cup,
saucer, cup,
Each to fall fair and square on its mounting bed.
Wonder enough? Or not?
Not:
for a teapot
Floats up to crown them; item, following soon,
Supererogatory lump-sugar, and spoon.

Thus the possible is transcended
By a prankster's pride in true juggling,
Twice daily for weeks at Ringling's ring,
Until the seasonal circuit's ended—
An act one degree only less absurd
Than mine: of slipperily balancing
Word
upon word
upon word
upon word,
Each wanton as an eel, daft as a bird.

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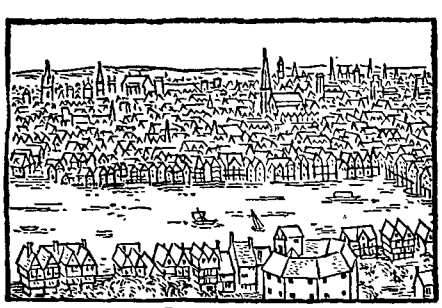
O Rare Ben!

Marchette Chute's "Ben Jonson of Westminster" *(E. P. Dutton. 380 pp. $5.00) presents a vivid picture of the life and times of Shakespeare's contemporary in the London theatre. Joseph Wood Krutch, who covered the New York stage as a drama critic for many years, uses it as an occasion to compare writing addressed to scholars and to the general public.*

By Joseph Wood Krutch

POPULAR opinion notwithstanding, there are a great many academic scholars who are unhappily aware that too much scholarly writing is unreadable so far as any considerable public is concerned. Popular opinion still notwithstanding, a great many readily admit that the fault is by no means all with the public. Just how they got into the business of taking in one another's washing they are not quite sure, but they would like to get out of it. As a matter of fact, the problem is one which comes up very frequently in the editorial columns of that most academic of quarterlies, *The Publications of the Modern Language Association.*

On two occasions Marchette Chute has proved that the problem is not unsolvable. Her "Geoffrey Chaucer of England" and her "Shakespeare of London" were generally recognized as highly competent by scholars at the same time that a considerable public found them extremely readable. Now with her new book, "Ben Jonson of Westminster," she has proved the same thing again. Jonson would probably seem to most people a less attractive subject than either Chaucer or Shakespeare. Certainly his works are less read and he is less obviously "for all time" because what he wrote was more narrowly related to an age and a place. But she again awakens interest as well as satisfies it. In her pages Jonson "comes alive" as a person and as an artist. So too do his "times."



—From "Ben Jonson of Westminster."

As Miss Chute's biography makes clear, a more varied career than that of Ben Jonson, a contemporary of Shakespeare, would be hard to come by in any man's lifetime. Jonson ran the gamut from student, soldier, bricklayer, actor, literary hack, and dramatist to court poet. Though we know all this about him, such information as his place of birth or his exact birthdate—whether 1572 or 1573—eludes us despite the stature of the man and the research of generations of scholars.

But it is certain that Jonson's debt to the borough of Westminster is considerable. As a schoolboy there he was obliged to study Latin and Greek, which so impressed him that he determined to reform the drama and poetry of his day into the mold of Rome's Augustan times. Before he had a chance to act on his obsession he was conscripted for military service in the war against Spain, and on returning was obliged to earn his living as a bricklayer.

Attending his trade with one hand and his beloved classics with the other, Jonson diligently stored up the knowledge that was to serve him well in his next, drastic move. He was determined to forge a career for himself in the uncertain world of the theatre; to achieve that goal he was willing to risk abandoning the measure of security his menial trade afforded his wife and family.

Jonson entered the backdoor of the theatre by joining a provincial touring company as an actor, but in short time he found a place in the noted Swan Theatre of London. His actor's knowledge of the stage and an urge to write enabled him to produce a number of dramas—"Volpone," "The Alchemist," "Everyman in His Humour"—all shaped by Cicero's dictum that comedy must be a "copy of life, a mirror of custom, a representation of truth."

In Jonson's day as in our own few actors or dramatists were able to make a living from their calling. Shakespeare was the exception, so successful at both acting and writing that he was able to write as he chose, at his leisure. Jonson, not in Shake-

TIME: *The other day.*
PLACE: *A tenth-floor apartment in Manhattan, overlooking London.*
DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

MARCHETTE CHUTE, *a tall, eloquent, meticulous woman, born near Minneapolis, who has spent the last decade in the New York Public Library resuscitating Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Jonson. Travels to Boston to check a footnote. Writes books.*

B. J. CHUTE, *Marchette's younger sister, a writer, too. Specialized for years in boys' sports stories; lately taken to writing adult stories and books, often from male point-of-view. Has appeared in just about every magazine that prints fiction. Lots of readers, including a San Diego homicide detective, in awe at her grasp of masculine know-how, have written her fan letters addressed to "Mr. B. J. Chute."*

JOY CHUTE, *B. J. Chute's name around the house.*

M. G. CHUTE, *Marchette's older sister, Mary Grace, a writer, too, best known for her "Sheriff Olsen" stories. She is thirty miles offstage in Syosset, L. I., where, as Mrs. Frank Smith, she is attending to her two children.*

A MAN *from* THE SATURDAY REVIEW *named Bernard Kalb.*

CURTAIN goes up in the middle of a sentence by

B. J.: . . . almost hopeless to keep us apart. Man in *The Miami Herald,* reviewing my latest book, "The End of Loving," said I have a sister Joy. *I'm* Joy.

MARCHETTE: Mother writes, too, sort of. Edith M. Chute. Once did a couple of reviews for *SR.*

B. J.: Marchette once wrote under "Marchette Gaylord Chute," but M. G.'s work began to turn up under her listings. So Marchette dropped "Gaylord."

MARCHETTE: Almost hopeless to keep us apart.

A MAN: Are you Chutes ever compared to the Brontës?

MARCHETTE and B. J.: That would be rough on the Brontës. The only thing we do have in common is that they used to read while stirring things in the kitchen. So do we.

Curtain.

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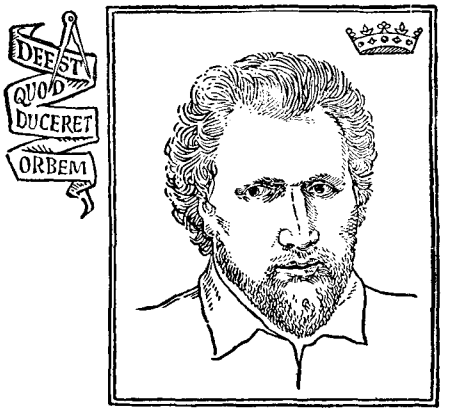

—From "Ben Jonson of Westminster."

speare's class as an actor, had to supplement his income by hack writing. A twist of fate in 1604 enabled him to write dramas as he wished to see them on the stage. The queen chose him as a court poet, in which position it was his function to write masques or elaborate playlets for special royal occasions. Despite widespread professional opposition, for the next thirty-four years Jonson held fast to his somewhat rigid classical ideals. At his death in 1637 he achieved a symbolic position. Workmen set his coffin upright rather than horizontal as was customary. As Miss Chute observes, "Ben Jonson refused to lie down even in Westminster Abbey."

A popular opinion is that the scholar repels the general reader because he knows too much in too great detail. Actually Miss Chute can do what she does just because she is so at home with her material—because she knows so much that instead of seeming laboriously to piece what she does know together she gives the impression of merely choosing from a great wealth of facts only those really illuminating at the moment. And of course she does not scorn a detail because it is astonishing or picturesque. Take, for example, the fact that when Jonson was a soldier "he was supposed to pay for any powder and shot that he might be so incautious as to use up in battle." Perhaps those facts are no more "important" than a good many others less entertaining. But they are none the worse for startling the reader into attention.

There is, of course, no use in just saying to everybody who writes biography or literary history "go thou and do likewise." Sound scholarship and a gift for writing are rare enough, each by itself, to be doubly rare in combination. But perhaps it would be worthwhile to ask what attitudes and aims, what understanding of the problem, might reasonably be supposed to produce a larger number of essentially scholarly works acceptable to the non-specialist.

In the first place it should be admitted that not all books could or should belong to this class. Relentlessly detailed studies which try to collect every fact whether it be interesting or dull are the necessary pre-condition of those which skim the cream. A glance at Miss Chute's "selected bibliography" shows that listed in it are works which, as the present reviewer happens to know from experience, are prime examples of "such reading as is never read"—except by those doggedly determined to learn certain things not to be learned anywhere else. On the other hand, the authors of the flimsiest sort of "popular" books often pour exuberant scorn on "the professors" when it is obvious that it is from such dry-as-dusts that they have taken whatever material they have.

ANOTHER reason why there should be the two kinds of books, and why "the professor" when writing primarily as professor finds himself unable to write for the non-specialist at the same time, is simply this: He feels it his obligation to strive for a kind of completeness which is more than that of the complete assembly of facts.

He wants to be complete also in the sense that he considers every aspect and takes some account of every responsible opinion, attitude, and interpretation. What the general reader, on the other hand, wants is *an* attitude, *an* interpretation rather than a remorselessly detached consideration of them all. Even so excellent a book as "Ben Jonson of Westminster" illustrates that the two aims are not perfectly compatible. It is an admirably persuasive and artistically complete portrait of a man, of an artist, and of an age. But there are other things which might be said about Jonson and other interpretations which might be made of his character, his motives, his significance. There are also other aspects of his professional career which might be considered.

The kind of scholarly book which Miss Chute has written is actually, in some sense, also a work of art. The purely scholarly book on the other hand aspires to be, in some sense, a scientific treatise, and the two things are not quite compatible.

In France for a long time "the professors" have often written both kinds of books when they were capable of doing so. There is some sign that the tendency is increasing in the United States. It will be promoted if the writers know clearly what the distinctions are and, especially perhaps, if they are sure that the public recognizes it also and knows that each kind of book has its justification.

Art and Conversation

"George Bernard Shaw: A Critical Survey," edited by Louis Kronenberger *(World Publishing Co. 262 pp. $6) and* ***"Shaw's Corner," by Stephen Winsten*** *(Roy Publishers. 238 pp. $4.50), the two latest additions to the Shavian bookshelf, are reviewed below by Professor Irvine, of Stanford University, author of "The World of GBS."*

By William Irvine

LOUIS KRONENBERGER has provided us with a valuable and on the whole well-selected anthology of Shavian criticism in his "George Bernard Shaw: A Critical Survey." If a few of the items he offers are insignificant, at least they are brief and by writers whose intersection with Shaw is of interest. But by far the greater number represent genuine landmarks in what is now a formidable literature.

Rereading these essays and book excerpts for the first time in several years, I was disappointed in John Palmer, who elaborates a platitude in twenty pages of scintillating paradox, and a little disappointed in Dixon Scott, who, though amusing and perceptive, is diffuse and vitiated by a sentimental "if-only" hypothesis; I was impressed by Ronald Peacock and Jacques Barzun, perhaps even more impressed by Edmund Wilson and Eric Bentley, though Wilson seems to make Shaw a little too shortsighted and inconsistent and Bentley has him too coherent and clairvoyant.

Mr. Kronenberger's anthology is chronologically arranged, and it is interesting to watch Shaw's reputation develop as one proceeds. The earlier critics, with the exception of Chesterton, insist that he is almost everything but a dramatist. The later critics, with the possible exception of Thomas Mann, esteem him first and foremost as a great creative artist.

What has fascinated all these men through the whole half century covered by Mr. Kronenberger's anthology is the "riddle" or "enigma" of Shaw. What kind of man was he? Where did he really stand? For, though a rather austere puritan in his personal life, Shaw has been a veritable Don Juan among ideas. In his palmy days he would fall in love with them at a meeting of the Fabian Society, woo them with a week's reading, debauch them in a preface, and heartlessly desert them for their logical contraries the first time he heard them defended

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by a faithful follower. Though irrevocably decided on such matters as vegetarianism, vivisection, and the spelling of "cigaret," and though never so inconstant as his detractors make out, Shaw has been—often passionately—for and against liberty, democracy, dictatorship, anarchism, human nature, progress, and much else. How can such a man be serious? As a matter of fact, Shaw was serious about too many things and funny about too many. If Aristotle and the traditional moralists are to be credited, unity of character depends not on passion and temperament but on self-examination, logic, and ethical choice. Despite some temperamental complication, Dr. Johnson was a unified character in this sense; Shakespeare was probably less so; and Shaw, even less. Why?

IN the first place, he was, like Shakespeare, a great dramatic genius, and such men are necessarily broad, inclusive, elusive natures who form a lifelong habit of throwing and splitting themselves into many antagonistic personalities. Shaw had the dramatist's ability to invent new roles and the actor's compulsion to play them. He had the pragmatist's tendency to associate truth with present utility, the propagandist's talent for persuading himself and others by impromptu outbursts of eloquence and logic. Finally, he lived toward the end of an epoch in which integrity was associated with feeling rather than decision and in which, as a matter of fact, the basic issues—particularly in morals and religion—were almost too terrible and bewildering for decision. Shaw had the romantic's propensity for complex self-parody and self-opposition, the Victorian's capacity for evading and manipulating fundamentals. Lytton Strachey has said that Gladstone was at bottom inscrutable. Shaw was much less sanctimoniously, much more hilariously inscrutable for similar reasons.

Shaw's many-sided and relatively incoherent character has of course deeply affected his plays. It has given them a complexity which greatly enriches their implications but sometimes dangerously muffles their impact. When Shaw wrote "Mrs. Warren's Profession" he still knew precisely where he stood on capitalism. His hostility is devastatingly concentrated in the monstrous and unforgettable figure of Sir George Crofts. When he wrote "Major Barbara," however, he was already variously disillusioned and divided—a Socialist with a large and growing vested interest in capitalism. The play seems mainly, like "Mrs. Warren," intended as an attack on capitalism. But, as Arthur Nethercot has pointed out, the diabolic capitalist Undershaft, though more sinister in profession than Mrs. Warren and more powerful to do evil than Crofts, is so disarmingly amiable and good-natured that one can hardly believe he ever sells his cannons to wicked people. "Major Barbara" surpasses "Mrs. Warren" in naturalness of dialogue, truth and variety of character, ingenuity and comprehensiveness of conception; but it falls far short in sheer dramatic and satirical force.

Another new book, Stephen Winsten's "Shaw's Corner"—a record of Shavian conversations—brings us back to Dr. Johnson. Why should not such a volume be as entertaining as Boswell's biography? Shaw speaks on subjects important to himself, his work, and the universe. Mr. Winsten may lack Boswell's eye for scene and character, but he writes to the point and understands how to put his sage in motion. The answer is to a great degree, again, that Johnson is a more unified and responsible character. He has his prejudices and duplicities of course, but they are background. Essentially, he meets his interlocutors in open and meaningful argument. Shaw talks at his to produce effects: he brings out his "box of tricks." Johnson builds up as a sharp and dramatic character because he deeply means what he says, and what he says grows into a coherent and reasonable meaning.

—Bettmann Archive.

Zola during the Dreyfus trial.

Behind "Nana"

"Emile Zola," by F. W. J. Hemmings *(Oxford University Press. 308 pp. $6) is a guidebook to the life and writings of the great French realist by a British scholar. Here it is reviewed by a teacher of Romance languages at Pennsylvania State College.*

By Laurent LeSage

WHEN Englishmen take to psychoanalyzing a Frenchman one lends an attentive ear, even though the subject is a nineteenth-century writer long out of vogue. A young novelist, Angus Wilson, and a university professor, F. W. J. Hemmings, have in recent months both made studies of the life and works of Emile Zola, author of close to fifty volumes of which Anglo-Saxon readers know scarcely more than sensational editions of "Nana," an indication perhaps that their psychoanalysts may have plenty of work to do at home. For Mr. Wilson, Zola is a case of sexual frustration, and his vast Rougon-Macquart series, written to demonstrate the effects of heredity and environment upon Frenchmen under the Second Empire, demonstrates more clearly the author's "rejection of physical sexuality." For Professor Hemmings, Zola is basically megalomaniac, demanding notoriety to the point of preferring abuse to indifference and "hankering after apostleship."

You may already have found Wilson's little book brisk reading; F. W. J. Hemmings's "Emile Zola," a lengthier and more academic study which has just appeared, has also some lively moments. Their subject provides abundant material. Zola, the languid, solitary youth who snapped out of his romantic dream and turned militantly materialistic, realistic, and a slogan-maker; Zola, the most talked about writer in France for twenty years, who, from his bibelot-laden villa, cocked a snook at the university critics and his social betters; Zola, the half-Italian who took it upon himself to right French wrongs in the Dreyfus Case—such a life as his deserves frequent retelling, just as books like "The Dramshop" ("L'Assommoir") and "Germinal" deserve rereading. And if we must talk about spiritual masochism, hypochondria, sexual despair, and Messiah poses to bring him up to date, well all right.

Of all the nineteenth-century literary giants shelved by the generation that went to war in 1914 Emile Zola is the last to come up for rehabilita-

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tion. His vulgarity and stylistic negligences could be pardoned, his coarse obscenity and long-windedness indulgently regarded, even his popular success during his lifetime overlooked. Balzac and Hugo have been saved in spite of their sins. What has kept Zola so long on the shelf is his association with nineteenth-century "Scientism." For the intellectual vanguard of our age, predominantly anti-rationalistic and anti-scientific, Zola with his naive faith in science and his half-baked theories is a ludicrous partisan of a philosophy responsible for our major ills today. Balzac and Hugo have been turned into mystics to be more in line with the modern *Weltanschauung*.

THIS is what we see as Professor Hemmings traces Zola's literary career "in terms of a gradual perfecting of the realistic formula." The ardent conversion of objectivism which marks the beginning of his significant writing is explained by Zola's own personal loss of faith in idealism. And the pressure of the times kept him in a literary course to which he was not naturally inclined. "Zola was not born a realist. He tried to turn himself into one . . . because of certain private urges and external pressures." But his imagination always remained poetic, transmuting the stuff of his "scientific" researches into epic poems. The weaknesses in Zola's art must be attributed to his adherence to a mistaken ideal. "Zola must be seen as a powerful creator equipped with a vision sometimes of hallucinatory intensity; but, misconceiving the value and nature of his own gifts, he sometimes threw a blanket over the divine fire, a grotesque blanket woven of stuffy 'facts' and dusty 'documentation'." Each of the novels is therefore analyzed to illustrate the fundamental discrepancy between Zola's theory and practice.

No one would deny that Zola's art is greater than his concept of art. This is an old story. However, no other critic has told it so carefully and in such detail as Professor Hemmings. His scholarly work will be an indispensable handbook for the Zola student, as Angus Wilson's essay is proving a stimulating introduction for the beginning reader. Their analyses of the personality behind the books should put some others beside "Nana" out in the window again.

Ring Lardner's Forebear

"Thomas Love Peacock," by Olwen Campbell *(Roy Publishers. 104 pp. $2), a brief consideration of the work of the nineteenth-century satirist, is a new volume in the English Novelists Series. Edgar Johnson, who reviews it here, is professor of English at City College of New York and author of "Charles Dickens: His Tragedy and Triumph."*

By Edgar Johnson

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK is a minor classic of English satire. His theme is the bee in the bonnet, and his farcical narratives are nothing but a gorgeous gallery of absurd crackpots. Crotchets, innovations, wild theories, current intellectual fashions, and current intellectual jargons he delights to embody in platoons of crazed eccentrics portrayed with unabashed fantasy. Food faddists crunching uncooked greens and gourmets gorging on grouse, believers in progress hymning "the march of mind" under the auspices of "The Steam Intellect Society" and dyspeptic prophets of doom, gloomy idealists and philistine utilitarians, political economists forging "the iron law of wages" into an iron collar for the neck of labor and enthusiasts delirious over the natural virtues and natural equality of man—every variety of exaggeration, chicanery, enthusiasm, and delusion—he impales with unflagging pace and pyrotechnic wit.

His achievement deserves a more penetrating analysis than "Thomas Love Peacock," Olwen Campbell's pleasant but inadequate addition to the English Novelists Series. For readers desiring a notion of Peacock's life and personality it is not unsatisfactory: it outlines the main events of his career, including his friendship with Shelley, and lightly sketches his character as a good-humored skeptic, rationalist, Tory, lover of the classics, epicure, epicurean, and wit. But Mr. Campbell has no such sharp (though sometimes dubious) psychological insights as distinguished Julian Symons's "Charles Dickens" in this same series; here all is on the surface, there is no sense of the secret springs of emotion moving art.

Mr. Campbell rightly admires the high-spirited brilliance of Peacock's satire, but treats the novels as if they were that more orthodox kind of fiction in which "action" is important and the characters are presented as real people instead of the fantastic caricatures that Peacock intended. But the love affairs in most of the stories and the marital pairings that end them are pure formula. To analyze the makeup and motives of these gay silhouettes is a waste of time. Attempting it, and realizing their pasteboard thinness, Mr. Campbell is led into regarding Peacock as an "amateur" who fell short of real success.

Actually Peacock hits the very center of his mark. He was doing exactly what he wanted to do; he was no more trying to make the melancholy Scythrop of "Nightmare Abbey" a human being in depth than Voltaire was attempting a psychological study of Candide and Pangloss. There is no doubt that he did admire accomplished young women, as Mr. Campbell says, but to devote serious pages to the character of Anthelia Melincourt, in the novel that bears her surname, as Mr. Campbell does, is almost as absurd as to psychoanalyze Sir Oran-Haut-Ton, Peacock's arboreal man who runs for Parliament. Nor is Mr. Campbell judicious in portraying Peacock as, so to speak, a literary "sport," with no significant forebears, and, except possibly W. S. Gilbert, no literary descendants. However lightly, he is in the great tradition of satire. His house parties of variegated eccentrics clashing their manias are a comic development of the Platonic dialogue and the Jonsonian humors; his technique anticipates both the angry wit of Aldous Huxley and the philosophic wit of Bernard Shaw—not to mention the ferocities of Ring Lardner. If Peacock's geniality and his tickled enjoyment of the ridiculous make him a playful Laodicean rather than a serious moralist, he has his own delightful niche as a commentator on life. It is a pity that Mr. Campbell loses the opportunity to give him his happy place there.

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The Issues for Decision

William Henry Chamberlin's "Beyond Containment" *(Henry Regnery. 406 pp. $5) is a veteran journalist's plea for an all-out crusade against Russian Communism. Quincy Howe, our reviewer, is the author of the recently published "World Between the Wars."*

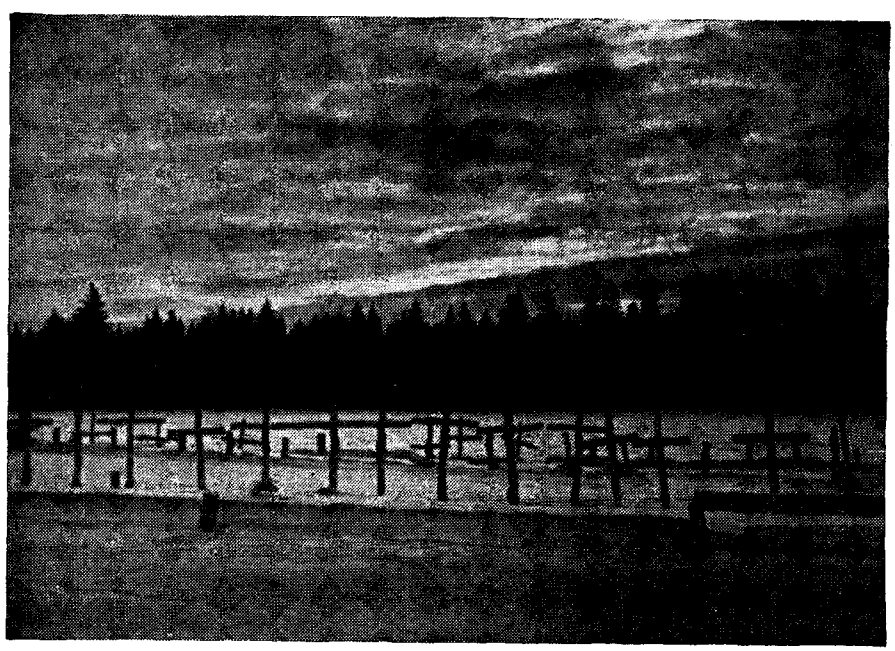
By Quincy Howe

IN 1917 Woodrow Wilson crusaded for a world made safe for democracy. Twenty-five years later Franklin D. Roosevelt crusaded for a world made free from want and fear. Wilson's crusade made the world safe for Lenin and Hitler. Roosevelt's crusade freed the world of Hitler, but made it safe for Stalin and Mao Tse-tung. The League of Nations did not prevent the Second World War. The United Nations neither prevented nor won the war in Korea. "Americans more than any other people have been inclined to interpret their involvement in the two great wars of the twentieth century in terms of crusades for righteousness," wrote William Henry Chamberlin three years ago in "America's Second Crusade." What reason is there to suppose that America's third crusade—against Russian Communism—which Mr. Chamberlin preaches in "Beyond Containment" will turn out any better than the last two?

If the British know how to identify national interest with moral principle, Americans reverse the process and put the label "Made in U.S.A." on all the virtues. But all the major belligerents in all the major wars of this century regarded themselves as crusaders; all nations in all wars have invoked moral principles. Nations fighting under the Communist banner fight with the fervor of the Moslems of old. What distinguishes our twentieth-century wars from previous wars is not that they are the first "crusades for righteousness" on record. The wars of our century differ from earlier wars in that they are global in a geographic sense, total in a military sense, and universal in a moral sense. But the Communist Powers today surpass the Axis Powers in 1940 as the Axis Powers in 1940 surpassed the Central Powers in 1914.

Three years ago Mr. Chamberlin wrote of "the melodramatic scare note" struck by President Roosevelt when he said in December 1940: "If Great Britain goes down the Axis Powers will control the continents of Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, and the high seas—and they will be in position to bring enormous military and naval resources against this hemisphere. It is no exaggeration to say that all of us in the Americas would be living at the point of a gun—a gun loaded with explosive bullets, economic as well as military." Today Mr. Chamberlin writes: "The test of the Cold War is supreme. The stakes could not be higher. The ultimate consequences of Communist victory are clearly foreshadowed in the fate of every country that has fallen under Communist rule. Such a victory would mean the blotting out of every value of our Greco-Roman and Judaeo-Christian civilization. There would be a dark night of the soul. The world would become a dead planet, functioning like a mechanical ant-heap. The Cold War is not an old-fashioned gentlemanly power struggle, in which the defeated side loses a bit of territory and pays a moderate indemnity. This is an all-out irrepressible conflict between two irreconcilable conceptions of human life and destiny."

"Beyond Containment" makes out as strong a case against Russian Communism as any Allied propagandist ever made against the Kaiser or any anti-Nazi propagandist ever made against Hitler. None of these threats was ever unreal. If they had not been met as they were met we can only conjecture as to what kind of world we might be living in today. Whether events vindicate America's third crusade any more convincingly than they have vindicated the first and second remains to be seen. But anyone who lived through those first two crusades can have no doubt that the case for the third crusade will be accepted even more overwhelmingly than the cases made for its two predecessors. And if history follows its recent course the time is surely not far distant when we shall be backing the white-skinned Russians against the yellow-skinned hordes of China and the brown-skinned hordes of India—just as we are today preparing to arm our late German and Japanese enemies against our late Russian allies. But two other possibilities do suggest themselves. The irrepressible Russian-American conflict might eliminate both Russia and America, leaving the world safe for Asia. Or splits and divisions may develop on both sides of the Iron Curtain, leading to a new balance of world power similar to the balance of power in Europe that followed an earlier crusade for a brave new world.



A field of rude German crosses in the forests of North Russia.

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East European Buffer

"Poland, White Eagle on a Red Field," by Samuel L. Sharp *(Harvard University Press. 338 pp. $5), is an interpretation of that unhappy nation's past and present situation. Professor Harold H. Fisher, who reviews it here, is chairman of the Hoover Institute and Library at Stanford University and author of "America and the New Poland" and other works.*

By Harold H. Fisher

DURING the ten centuries of its history Poland has been the scene of many wars. But in World War II it was the scene of five or six wars waged at the same time. The Poles themselves fought two enemies, the German Nazis and the Russian Communists, who were, of course, fighting each other. The Russian Communists also claimed to be fighting two wars, one "the holy patriotic war" against the Nazis and the other a revolutionary war of liberation against world capitalism, which, happily for the Communists, was then suffering from those contradictions that, according to Marxist dogma, will one day be fatal. To many patriotic Poles their country was once more, as she had been in the thirteenth century, a battleground on which European civilization was being defended against what Marx once called "Asiatic barbarism under Muscovite direction." The fact that Poland was in the midst of all these wars means that the Polish problem has survived the technological revolution in warfare and communication and, though greatly changed, is still recognizable.

During the nineteenth century European liberals and socialists often said, and apparently believed, that freedom and democracy were linked up with the restoration of an independent Poland, this in spite of the fact that their admiration for the heroism of the Poles was often tempered by aggravation over their political behavior. In "Poland, White Eagle on a Red Field" Samuel L. Sharp makes some astringent comments on certain popular interpretations of Poland's role in history and on the nature of her ties with the United States. He also points out that during World War II the West was more concerned to keep on good terms with Soviet Russia than to put on pressure in the support of Polish interests. Since the war the West has been concerned with promoting the interests of Germany.

Poland is experiencing not merely a captivity but a revolution—a revolution from the top and from outside, but a revolution that is radically changing the ways of life and the international position of the Polish people. These changes, whether good or bad, Mr. Sharp says, are *indefeasible*. He believes that there has been no such uniform opposition to the new regime, as has sometimes been reported abroad. Many Poles would give greater weight than he does to the persistence of traditional anti-Russian feelings and perhaps underestimate the effects of developments that smother active resistance and compel accommodation to, if not acceptance of, the new order. The destruction by death or exile of the old Polish leadership, the presence of Russian armies, the pervasive apparatus of coercion and persuasion by police, spies, censorship, and propaganda, the considerable economic progress since the war, have enabled the new regime to achieve "an impressive degree of consolidation."

MR. SHARP does not accept the notion that Poland was lost to the West by betrayals at Yalta and Potsdam. He explains the weakness of the West with respect to Poland as due, first, to a distorted evaluation of the military situation in the Far East, where the President's military advisers feared a continuation of the war into 1947 and a million American casualties; and, second, to the fact that the Polish problem was considered of secondary importance by the West, but of primary importance by Stalin. Our Congress cannot change a situation which Yalta formally recognized by passing a resolution of repudiation. Mr. Sharp suggests that we shall not help the Poles nor anyone else by raising hopes we cannot possibly fulfil.

It seems to me that this excellent interpretation of Poland's past and present situation may help us realize that neither the Polish problem nor any other "national" problem is any longer simply the issue of restoring independence. At this moment Poland is a captive member of a totalitarian system. There is no easy escape, no quick relief. Surely not by the incalculable catastrophe of a total war. The day of independent buffer states is past. Remote perhaps, but still more promising than any formula of liberation, with or without war, is the possibility of mitigating the barbarities of dictatorship by a world system in which the advantages of a joint effort in the cause of peace, progress, and freedom must sooner or later break through the curtains of iron dictatorship.

Iron Curtain Rilke

"The Inward Journey," by Doris Peel *(Houghton Mifflin. 241 pp. $3), is an American journalist's report on a visit to Germany that included the fringes of the Soviet sector. Our reviewer, Gerard W. Speyer, is American correspondent for a number of West German newspapers.*

By Gerard W. Speyer

THERE'S a special kind of European photography which was, at one time, considered very artistic. You put some Vaseline on a special kind of lens which was ground to produce a softening effect. The print, then, was not at all "contrasty." Rather, the light was diffused, the outlines of the photographed object were blurred in a mist, and the whole scene was a little out of focus. The overall effect was one of pre-dawn or post-dusk unreality. This technique had some merits: the sea, mountains, grazing animals, and a whole lot of other things may have gained some new shapes and significances. But a camera eye with a Vaseline film over it obscures rather than illuminates political issues and human beings inextricably caught up in them.

I am afraid that is what Doris Peel has done. A few years ago she went to Germany—courtesy *The Christian Science Monitor*—in her own words, "to look, to listen, to learn." Miss Peel did a lot of listening and looking but I'm not sure how much she learned or what we can learn from her "Inward Journey."

Miss Peel makes her Germans talk and she is a good listener. She takes us to a D.P. camp in Bremen, through Cologne's ruined streets, up the Alps past Salzburg, over the cobblestones of a Hessian village, into the inner sanctum of Gerhardt Eisler's Information Bureau, to a Communist Police Station at a border post, and, finally, right smack into the Walter Ulbricht Stadium, at the time of the Communist World Youth Festival. Thus Miss Peel has an important story to tell. For she makes us hear not the voices of Walter Ulbricht and Gerhardt Eisler but the arguments of those who consider themselves either fortunate or unfortunate in having to live by or under the command of these ruthless masters. And for once most of these voices don't belong to refugees but to residents of Communist Germany.

Since we live in an age where, before all else, a political writer must confess to his non-Communism or

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anti-Communism, let it be said at the outset that Miss Peel proves herself to be immaculately clean of all fellow-traveling and other politically damnable sins. By admitting—yes, even in the face of die-hard Communists—that America does not possess a monopoly on social justice or unmatchable political virtue, the author gains respect and credibility.

THE trouble, then, is not with Miss Peel's political convictions. It is, rather, with her general intellectual equipment. She admits to being "a perfect dunce at economics." Her dialectics are a little deficient. (And it takes a good course in economics and dialectics to argue with trained Communists.) As to her writing, it shows —in a political reportage—a number of traces of Rilke's poetry and prose. The very title of the book could have been Rilke's.

Here is a typical sample of a curtain of words which, like Vaseline over a lens, lets through very little light:

> One was conscious, in a way one hadn't been before, of this detachment of his; the caliber of it; the force. From the first, of course, it had marked his attitude, in a curious mixture of the casual and the punctilious; and one began to feel now, as a meal was shared, that it had to do with some basic evaluation of the "personal." (In a way and to a degree involving oneself; since here one was.) If it, the detachment, struck one as monklike, it was only in terms of discipline, not denial; since obviously as a type, he was akin to the athlete rigorously in trim rather than to any abstemious ascetic. It was something familiar, yet not quite familiar.

There is an irritating (I hesitate to say "feminine") fussiness and imprecision about this style. Doris Peel's senses are forever assaulted by a complex variety of emotions, vaguely conveyed. There are tears in her eyes when the peace doves are released in the stadium. Yet, she knows in her "inmost heart" that this is, of course, only Communist ballyhoo. When eighty thousand blue-shirted youths sing the "Friendship Song" she is deeply stirred. In a way she envies the emotional commitment of these young Communists. She believes it should be salvaged for a better, a less perverted cause. But what is this cause? Hard to say. If I understand Miss Peel correctly, it's some kind of metaphysical fraternization or Christian brotherhood. "To him who climbs high enough," she tells us, "there are no frontiers. 'Mine' and 'Yours' irradiate into 'Ours.' For we all stood together, heirs to the same light." Or: "Against *collective* man there was man *universal* . . . out of darkness, Brothers, come—"

Miss Peel seems to believe in political change through personal transmutation. In her book she carries on an imaginary conversation with an American Senator (Senator McCarran never heard such language) whom she begs to admit three of the Communist functionaries she met in Berlin. She wants to expose them to America—Ernst, chief of the Border Guard, Kathe, and Liesl, both working for Eisler:

> They're not yet irretrievable [she tells the Senator], and we can't retrieve them, if we can't make sense to those who are reachable—in Europe, Asia, or Timbuctoo—if we're failing to communicate, where communication's still possible, the values and verities we believe to be universal—what on earth makes us think that the world can be won? . . . I presume to believe that the truth converts. I believe that reforms are the removing of some impediment, and that there is, in man, a worthiness that will appear at the call of worth.

To this Bertrand Russell recently gave an excellent answer. He said it's no use advocating something that will certainly not happen. A universal change of heart on which some people (including Doris Peel) pin their hopes, would prevent a war, *if* it happened. But, continued Russell, "I do not see the rulers of the USSR adopting the principles of the Sermon of the Mount in any near future."

Doris Peel—"personal transmutation."

Turning Point

"Hitler's Defeat in Russia," by General Wladyslaw Anders *(Henry Regnery. 267 pp. $4), is an analysis by a Polish army officer based on published German sources. Here it is reviewed by Gordon Harrison, military critic on the staff of the* Detroit News.

By Gordon Harrison

WHEN, on June 22, 1941, Adolf Hitler turned the Wehrmacht loose on his late ally, the Soviet Union, he expected and most of the world conceded another quick triumph for the masters of blitzkrieg. At first the campaign lived up to expectations. Not only were the Reds hurled back during the first weeks at the average rate of twenty miles a day on a front hundreds of miles long, but German encircling maneuvers repeatedly trapped and destroyed masses of Russian troops. Throughout the summer and autumn vast battles of annihilation chewed up the seemingly helpless defenders and moved the Germans steadily forward until in November they were at the gates of Moscow.

Miraculously, Moscow did not fall and the onset of winter brought surprising proof of the Red Army's vitality. Counterthrusts threw the invader back while the cold decimated an army that had planned to be home long before Christmas. Nevertheless, few observers even then gave the Reds better than an outside chance of holding on. The summer of 1942 seemed fully to bear out their pessimism as German panzers slashed to the Caucasus. Then came the springing of the bear trap at Stalingrad, a new Russian winter offensive, and in the spring the first warm-weather German retreats signifying that the once irresistible Wehrmacht was at last exhausted.

Like many others, General Wladyslaw Anders has been fascinated by this stunning reversal of form. Although he has no special information on what happened, he has a strong conviction, natural enough in a Polish aristocrat, and perhaps also true, that the Communist regime being not only evil but stupid could not have won mainly by its own efforts. His book, "Hitler's Defeat in Russia," drawn wholly from published sources, is dedicated to proving that the Red Army was pushed into victory by the stupidities of Hitler and the material aid of the Western Allies.

That Hitler's delusions of generalship gravely handicapped the conduct of German operations is a fact that

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—Sovfoto

German prisoners at Stalingrad—"stunning reversal of form."

has been reported convincingly and in detail by many of the German high commanders. Hitler's interventions in the battle springing from a mixture of ignorance, intuition, vanity, and political irrelevancies cost the Germans dearly time and again. It is only on the question of how much they cost that opinions differ.

GENERAL ANDERS, listening perforce just to German voices—the Russian side is never likely to be known outside the Kremlin—follows the extreme thesis of the German General Staff that Hitler's blundering lost the war. The weakness of this thesis has always been that it is not based on all the facts. As one reads the present succinct summary of the battle from the German side one is constantly struck by the sudden interpolations of Russian offensive action apparently planless yet often successful. General Anders appears to argue that these successes were invariably set up by German errors. But half the picture is left out.

It goes without saying that a campaign flawlessly planned, prepared, and executed must win. But it is also true that many battles very imperfectly managed have also come off. The difference between victory and defeat in war turns not on the absolute strengths or weaknesses of one side but on the balance between the two. In stressing German mistakes General Anders gives the Red Army no credit for exploiting them. In suggesting the greater wisdom of alternative German action he ignores the possibility that other weaknesses might then have developed which might have turned in other ways to the advantage of the defense. Without much greater knowledge of Russian plans and capabilities he argues still in the fog of the battlefield.

In his narrative of operations, his discussion of Nazi brutality and political idiocy in handling the captive population, and his recounting of the facts of lend-lease General Anders is sober and readable even if necessarily incomplete. It would not matter much that this history is bracketed with a dubious thesis were it not for the fact that an anti-Communist zeal has so infused the whole that subtle violence is done to historical truth.

The unmistakable hero of the book is the German Army. That this army, until on the brink of defeat, fought willingly for the furtherance of the Nazi tyranny is passed over. The sins of Nazism are heaped exclusively on the heads of Hitler and "his close associates" as though they were merely uncomfortable excrescences on the Third Reich of no legitimate concern to the professional soldier. Thus the implication is left that it would have been a good thing for the world if the German Army, conceived as a somehow neutral instrument of force, had utterly defeated the USSR. That point of view is not only false to the political realities of 1941; it falsely holds that all that mattered then or now was the destruction of Communism, not the preservation of freedom.

Soviet Inner Struggle

"The Bolshevik Revolution: 1917-1923: Vol. 3," by Edward Hallett Carr, *(Macmillan. 614 pp. $6), is a British scholar's interpretation of the first half dozen years of Soviet rule. Below it is reviewed by a member of the Yale faculty.*

By Frederick C. Barghoorn

IN the United States since the war, study of the USSR has been to a large degree carried on by organized groups applying the new insights and techniques of social science. In Great Britain the classical method of historical and political analysis by individuals working largely independently still prevails. Edward Hallett Carr's one-man history of the Soviet Union, which with the third volume of "The Bolshevik Revolution" covers the first six years of Soviet rule, stands as impressive proof of the continued value of individualism in scholarly research.

It is doubtful, indeed, if such a finely planned and lucidly presented study could have been produced collectively. Apparently work of this kind can still be done more easily by Europeans than by American scholars, partly because the latter devote more time than their European colleagues to activities which distract them from research.

The latest volume is by all odds the best of the three yet published. However one may differ with the author's point of view, method, or coverage of data, one cannot fail to admire and appreciate his truly outstanding performance. This reviewer felt that the two previous volumes, dealing with internal Soviet affairs, suffered from the author's tendency to view the events of the period in the Soviet Marxist framework. Such a judgment is much less applicable to the third.

In this third volume Mr. Carr is at his best, coolly and realistically analyzing international power relations. He sees clearly the ideological and psychological factors involved in Soviet relations with the non-Soviet powers. Sometimes he smuggles into his narrative expressions of sympathy for the new regime, which had that quality, so often attractive to intellectuals, of providing an apparently clear, logical alternative to the chaos of the existing "capitalist" pattern of international relations. Less often, however, he indulges in polite irony at the expense of the Bolshevik revolutionary optimism. For the most part

(*Continued on page* 49)

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BERLIN, 1953

By NORMAN COUSINS / Part 2

In the city of Berlin, that microcosm of a world divided, an American can still cross the boundary and look at life as it is lived beyond the Iron Curtain. In this second instalment of "Berlin, 1953" SR's editor reports on a trip to Stalinstadt, the East sector's city within a city, and on a conversation with one of its inhabitants.

MY driver and interpreter in Germany was a young man named Werner Dietrich. At first I wondered about Dietrich, just as you wonder about most Germans you try to get to know. What were they thinking and doing back in the days when Hitler was telling them they had the right and duty to run the whole show? Did they have any knowledge of what Hitler was doing to his victims and indeed to the world, or did they merely take it in stride so long as they were on top. I asked Dietrich whether he was in the war.

Dietrich had no qualms about talking freely. He said he was brought up as a member of the Nazi youth organization, had been completely indoctrinated, and believed at the time that what Hitler was doing was necessary and good.

And now?

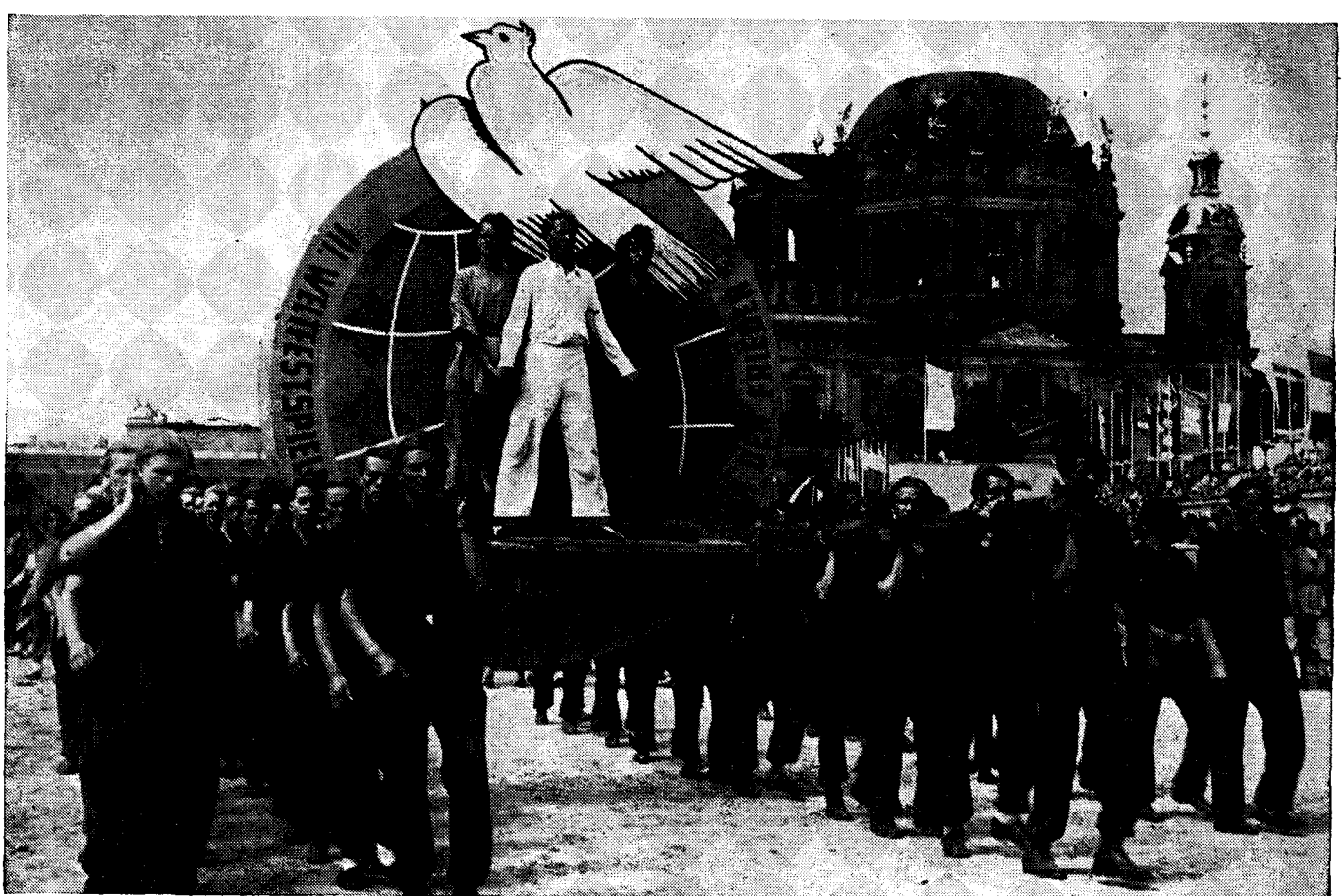
One minute, he said, there was something more to say. When he reached military age in 1942 he went into the Army. The first time he fired a gun against a human being was against an American. He doesn't know whether he found the target, then or later, but there was no point in kidding me and saying, as so many other German veterans have been saying to Americans, that the only action he saw was on the Eastern front, against the Russians. He said you are brought up in a certain atmosphere, with certain ideas pounded into you, and you take your values from your society, and you do your best according to the job put before you.

I didn't attempt to argue with him; he was giving me a direct answer.

"I was captured in Italy by the Americans," he said simply. "I hated it. It was a humiliating thing to be, what do you say, sidelined, when everything else was going on. But then I began to get to know the Americans and I could see a very big, a tremendously big difference between the way they acted and the way we had been taught to act. For the first time in my life I began to learn by watching them about what it means to be decent and I had the strong feeling you get when you were part of something good.

"The Americans trusted me as a prisoner. They let me drive trucks for them far outside the prisoners' camp —alone. They were decent to me. They never bullied me into doing anything and they never gave me, what shall I say, the feeling that I was part of a gang and that the gang had power and could do whatever it wanted to do.

"Well, after the war was over I wrote home to my mother and told



—*Sovfoto.*

Youth in an East German Communist parade—"an age of multiple pressures and confusions."

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—Photos by N. C.

Bobby-soxers on watch for Gregory Peck.

her I hoped she wouldn't mind but that I wanted to stay in Italy and continue to work for the Americans if they would have me. She told me to stay as long as I could, for conditions in Berlin were terrible and there was little food or heat.

"The Americans let me stay on for a year, and I did a lot of things. One thing I did was to learn how to speak English. I was glad that I did because it made it possible for me to get jobs with American firms in Berlin when I came home. And now I work for the American Express Company. I do everything. I do interpreting. I drive cars. I take people sightseeing.

"You have asked me how I feel now. I can tell you easily. Now I am trying to get to America so I can be an American citizen. One of my friends, he is a mechanic and he met an American who has helped to bring him to the United States. His friend got him a job as mechanic in Milwaukee; he is happier than he has been in his whole life and he writes to me that maybe soon he will have enough money to help me come over too.

"Of course, it is a complicated thing but I know I want to do it. My fiancée, she is a nurse and I think we will both be happy in America.

"Do you know, one day last week I was driving a girl on a sight-seeing trip around Berlin and I thought I might show her part of the East sector and we were stopped by a Communist patrol guard. When the girl identified herself as an American he said some sarcastic things about how difficult working conditions were for workers in America, and then the girl replied that she was a stenographer in the United States, and that she had been able to save enough money to come to Europe for her vacation and she had already seen three countries and was going to see two more before she returned. Then she asked the Communist guard whether that sounded to him like the workers in the United States were having a difficult time.

"You should have seen the way the guard's eyes opened wide as the American stenographer told him about her vacation. Then he said to me in German: 'Listen to the way she lies. The Americans deliberately sent her over here to make propaganda; not even in Russia do they pay salaries to working girls so they can take vacations in other countries. You can go now but be careful not to let her talk propaganda to anyone before you cross back over into West Berlin.

"This stenographer, she was a very interesting person and of course she was telling the truth. She is not the first working person to come to Germany from the United States on vacation. The reason the Communists want Berlin so badly is that they have a hard job making their propaganda stick when you can't keep your people from getting a look at some of the things that are happening on the outside."

I asked Werner if it would be possible for him to drive me through the Communist sector. He said there would probably be no trouble in getting around East Berlin so long as he identified me as a tourist and himself as a professional guide. He stopped the car, carefully removed and discarded all newspapers or other material that might create the suspicion we were trying to deliver propaganda. He suggested that I be careful to check with him before using my camera. You are not allowed to point a camera at a police officer. In fact, it is a pretty good idea not to use your camera at all if you are within sight of a policeman. Adlai Stevenson got into trouble with the East Berlin police when he blithely walked with a camera towards the bunker in which Adolf Hitler is supposed to have killed himself.

Just after we passed under the massive Brandenburg Gate, now so badly scarred, we had to stop at a screening station where East Berlin police asked our purpose. Dietrich identified himself as a professional guide and his passenger as a tourist. The police then asked for the key to the trunk of the car, opened and inspected it, then looked inside the car for propaganda materials or food packages. They seemed pleasant enough and told Dietrich to proceed.

We passed the wreckage of the famous old Government buildings, the libraries, the galleries along what had once been one of the most beautiful boulevards in the world. Then we turned off Unter den Linden; Dietrich wanted to show me the heart of the business and residential sections of East Berlin. We went from the main thoroughfares into the back streets, weaving around the city in order to get the full picture. The contrast between East and West Berlin was sharper, if anything, than the accounts I had read in the various news reports.

It wasn't only the fact that few stores were open and that the goods they were selling seemed nondescript. Nor was it merely the fact that there seemed to have been such little real progress in cleaning up the bomb wreckage compared to West Berlin. The greatest difference was in the people themselves. Very few of them were on the streets, to begin with, and the ones you saw, on the whole, were poorly dressed. There was almost no traffic.

It was a drab place.

"Surely," I said to Werner Dietrich, "there must be some place in East Berlin where things are happening."

"Oh, yes," he said. "Soon we will see something big and interesting."

THEN he told me about a section of East Berlin that was fast becoming the headquarters of Communism not only for East Berlin but for all of East Germany. This was a large building project called Stalinstadt—Stalin City—that the Communists were very proud of. In fact, it was a city within a city. It ran East of the old Alexanderplatz for about two miles. It hadn't been completed yet. The main street, however, with its large buildings on each side, was almost fully built, and thousands of families had already moved in.

"There's a catch to it, though," Werner said. "You just don't get into a place like that because you are without a home. You've got to prove your worth. That means you not only have to belong to the Party but must have rendered special service of one kind or another."

In a few minutes we turned into a 300-foot wide street named "Stalinallee." It began in a large traffic circle. There were steel skeletons of tall buildings under construction around the circle. Then, starting down Stalinallee, I had the feeling I was in the middle of a Russian postcard showing fancy new building projects. The architecture was distinctly Russian; the design was rigid and geometrical, with Georgian set-back effects. The buildings seemed to repeat themselves endlessly, relieved only occasionally by small open areas in the center of which would be tall statues of Soviet heroes. At the beginning of Stalinallee

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was a statue of Joseph Stalin molded along athletic and heroic lines.

Across the way from the Stalin statue was a combination exhibition hall, information center, and indoor stadium. I learned that it was used almost nightly for everything from sports events to public lectures, which would usually be about aspects of Soviet life or of Communist ideology.

WERNER parked the car and we crossed the wide boulevard to enter the exposition hall arena. On the second floor was a large exhibition devoted to "Stalinstadt." The heart of the exhibit was a forty-foot table model of the project. A guide pointed out the various features of the project —apartment buildings, stores, schools, nurseries, etc. He said some buildings were already completed and occupied on Stalinallee and that they had required only a year to construct. He showed photographs of the groundbreaking dated a little more than a year ago and then held up recent photographs. Later Werner explained that the project actually started almost three years ago; the official starting date did not take into account the rubble removal or the laying out of the new streets or the foundation work.

In each of the Stalinstadt exhibition rooms there was a counter for literature. Here were to be found not only attractively illustrated brochures on the project, but various items of anti-American literature. One pamphlet was titled "Americans, Go Home"; it accused the Americans of trying to take Germany away from the Germans. One large soft-covered book, having all the physical appurtenances of a documented study, purported to disclose the true facts about the American occupation of Germany and our real designs in the world. It called on the Germans to "liberate" themselves from outside rule. There was nothing to indicate that the Russians referred to themselves as outsiders or

"A slice of Moscow is coming to life."

that they offered to go home if the others did.

A main hallway led to one of the entrances of the arena section of the building. The arena was circular, seating around seven thousand, I guessed. The central section looked as if it could easily be adapted to a circus or a political rally.

After we left the arena I asked Werner whether it would be possible to visit some of the apartments. We entered the first apartment building on Stalinallee; Werner spoke briefly to the caretaker-attendant on the first floor and received the name of someone on the fifth floor who might be receptive. There was a small self-service elevator.

The attendant was right. The people in the fifth floor apartment were cordial and responsive. The family consisted of a man, his wife, his sister, and his aged parents. There were two boys in the family, eleven and thirteen, but they were now both away at camp. I judged the man to be about thirty-eight or forty. He was dark, tall, and spare. His face was bony and intense. When he smiled, however, the hollows disappeared and his manner was winning.

Werner explained frankly that I was an American and that I didn't wish to intrude, but that I had expressed a desire to see some of the apartments and that someone had suggested his name. I couldn't tell whether this surprised or displeased him in any way. He spoke to his wife briefly. She apologized for the fact that the apartment was not fully in order, saying that they had only recently moved into the apartment and it was not yet in its final shape.

The foyer was large, but the rooms were small. There were two bedrooms, a kitchen, and a combination dining room and sitting room. Window space and lighting were good. Kitchen equipment was compact, but no modern appliances such as electric refrigerator or washing machine. The furniture, both in the living room and bedrooms, was inexpensive but sturdy.

We were invited into the living room and then sat around the oak dining-room table. I told Emil Horst it was not my purpose to embarrass him in any way, but this was my first visit to Stalinstadt and I hoped he didn't mind if I tried to gratify my curiosity at his expense. He nodded graciously and told me to proceed.

The resultant conversation lasted perhaps half an hour. It developed that he was what is known as a Communist Party "activist." His role in the building of Stalinstadt had been that of an assistant supervisor in charge of assignments; he would organize working teams or units. He admitted frankly that apartments had been distributed according to one's contribution to the project as a whole.

"Look now at the world we own."

"With so many people looking for homes, it is only fair that those who helped be rewarded," he said.

"Were top-ranking members or officials of the Communist Party given preference even if they had no direct part in the project?" I asked.

"THAT is a difficult question to answer," he said. "Leading officials of the SED [he avoided the term "Communist Party" throughout our talk] of course have been given apartments. But they have all made contributions in one way or another. Even those who did not work with their hands have had important responsibilities in connection with morale or leadership or activities in the arena. But many of the apartments go to workers. They have shown wonderful spirit, the workers. Many of them insist on working long past their regular hours so that the project will be completed long ahead of schedule. It is a wonderful thing to see the way even the women will be working long after dark; sometimes they skip their meals entirely."

I asked him whether he had heard much about the United States.

Not too much, he said. Occasionally he received letters from friends. He said that part of what he had heard was not very good. One of his friends was Steve Nelson, who had been put in jail because he was a Communist. He reached into his pocket and took out a letter from Steve Nelson and held it in front of him.

"This is not good," he said. "Why should the United States persecute Communists? This is not freedom."

I started to explain that the Steve

(*Continued on page* 56)

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The Saturday Review

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The Waltz in Halftime

VIENNA.

THESE notes are prompted by a conversation with a businessman here who had just returned from Moscow after a three weeks' visit. I put the inevitable questions to him: How much was he able to see and observe? What does Moscow look like these days? What about the people?

The businessman said his operations were limited to sidewalk excursions inside Moscow. The people seemed sturdy and comparatively well dressed. There was no paucity of motor-car traffic and pedestrians had to step almost as nimbly across the thoroughfares as they did in most of the large cities of the world. There had been a lot of new construction, many of them apartment-house projects. And the shop windows were varied and colorful. He had gone to a ballet one evening and had found it a rather elaborate and festive affair. All in all, he said, Moscow was much less drab and forbidding than he had imagined.

I asked him whether he could tell me anything about the actual living conditions of the people, or about the prices of goods, or about the surrounding towns and countryside.

He said, first of all, that he did not have freedom of movement in Soviet Russia so he could not tell me anything about what went on outside the city itself. Next, as for living conditions, he was under the impression that there were two distinct levels—with respect to economic well-being or anything else. Generally speaking, if you are in the Communist Party or the Government you live on the upper level and do fairly well—and even here there are gradations of privilege depending on your station, of course. If you are outside the Party and Government you live on the lower level where things come somewhat harder. And there is quite a difference, he said, between the new apartment projects and the general housing situation that existed in the remoter areas of the city.

One thing did trouble him, he said. Before he had departed for the Soviet some friends in Vienna had given him the names of acquaintances to look up in Moscow. In two of these cases he had gone to the addresses given him and learned that the people for whom he had inquired no longer lived there. The neighbors had no forwarding address. He went to the local post office and could get no information. Other efforts were similarly unavailing. He gave up when he became convinced that further inquiries would be fruitless. It was a staggering thing, he said, this business of feeling you are looking for a ghost. No one knows anything. He said this experience had more than offset all the favorable impressions he got just from walking down the street.

THIS conversation brought to the forefront doubts I have entertained for a long time about the validity of opinions based on physical observation alone. How much can you actually tell about a place by looking at people or shop windows or buildings, or just by strolling around the town? It ought to tell you a lot but it doesn't—at least not often enough. Moscow is only one case in point. Vienna might be another.

A stroll through Vienna creates impressions of solidity, stability, well-being. It seems like a place that knows where it's been and where it's going. The war damage was comparatively slight, and the gracious and spacious old buildings seem to suggest a world sure of its assumptions and its rate of interest. As for the people, if you had to make a snap judgment only on appearances you would probably say that they seemed healthy and secure.

But you can't tell enough from a walk down the street. Here in Vienna when you probe a bit you become aware of a city that is anything but confident or poised. Confidence presupposes a certain quiet vitality; Vienna may be quiet but it is hardly vital. In fact, it seems curiously lacking in any forward thrust or sense of direction. What appears to be confidence, therefore, may actually be closer to a shrug of acceptance and the quiet uncertainty of old age. Even Vienna's apparent poise may be more the reflex of historical habit than the reflection of true inner calm.

Unlike Berlin or Frankfurt, Vienna's

With the Year's Cooling

By Robert Francis

WITH the year's cooling come the colors of fire.
The later-blooming are the warmer flowers
That blaze and smolder in the thinning hours.

Now in the falling of the unfailing year
The quiet-clicking leaves unlatch a door
To those long landscapes we have waited for.

Bitter and fragrant hangs the smoke-tinged air
From some neglected bonfire near or far,
While sterner night burns an intenser star.

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place in the surrounding scheme of things is by no means clear. At one time it was the head and the heart of a vast economic and political system. Today it seems somewhat unrelated even to the world of which it should be a part. True, it was one of the places marked out for joint occupation by the Russians and the Western nations at the end of World War II. Yet even the joint occupation has gone off surprisingly smoothly. Unlike Berlin, where each inch is bitterly fought for, and where joint overall control with the Soviet quickly became a fierce impossibility, nearby Vienna has been a model of relative harmony between the great powers. If the Soviet seemed surprisingly docile in the case of Vienna, it is doubtful that the reason for it was that she wanted to preserve at least one place in the world where agreement with the West would be possible for display-case purposes. More likely the reason for it may have been that Vienna doesn't make too much difference one way or the other. Berlin is the key to Germany and Germany is the key to Europe. But what is Vienna the key to? A glorious memory, perhaps, and sidewalk cafe conversations about the wonderful days of Franz Josef; but Vienna is neither a pivot nor a prize in the modern world. It is a stop on the Danube where history accumulated for a long time and then stood still so it could be looked at and admired.

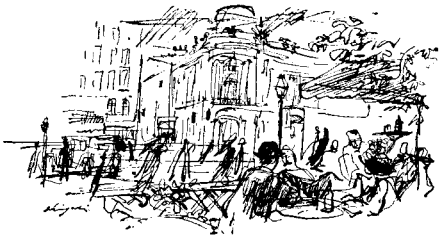
THIS is not by way of being unkind to Vienna. There is something to be said in the modern world for a place that evokes pleasant memories, and that is not likely to be another crisis center in an age up to its scalp in crises. And even a graciousness that seems part of a period piece has its compensations in a world where everything seems to come in quick bursts, all the way from machine-gun fire to human thought and decisions. The purpose here is not to criticize but merely to use Vienna as an example to support the point that it's hard to tell the essential character of a place just by the things you see while strolling down the street.

An even better example, perhaps, might have been the London of several years ago. If you were to go by appearances alone—the clothes the average person wore, the things in the shop windows, the health or heartiness of the children—you might have concluded that Britain was done for in this world. In fact, if travelers to Moscow or any Soviet city would have observed the same drabness and sparseness that was apparent in London they would have returned home with grim predictions about the future of Communism. Yet the austerity of Britain was not without design. It was a conscious investment in fundamentals. It would have been perfectly possible for Britain to ride the world inflationary spiral, using up its productive capacity on luxury goods for home consumption. But Britain chose instead to restore and rebuild its basic industries and economy in the effort to recapture its share of the world's trade.

Any observer who had attempted to predict the future of the English people just by looking at them as late as 1950 would have turned out to be a poor guesser indeed. For Great Britain is the talk of Europe. Only eight years ago it was generally assumed that one of the principal historic results of the war was to reduce Great Britain to the status of a second-class power. Its mighty empire had been reduced to a few outposts. But the big story for the history books these days is that Great Britain has already re-established its place in the front rank of the world's great nations. The Commonwealth rests on a new foundation; the cement is made of consent and the Commonwealth is all the stronger for it. The economy is sound; Britain is producing in volume, with quality and at a price that enables her to command an increasing share of the world's business.

The average Englishman and his family can hardly be said to enjoy the same standard of living that is taken for granted by the average American family; but the improvement continues month by month. Austerity is definitely ended, though it didn't go out with a bang on any fixed day. The general improvement in the health of the people is unmistakable. The babies seem bigger and rosier, and there are more of them. Milk, butter, and eggs are available again at a price within the reach of more than a favored few.

In the case of London, at least, the sidewalk observer can take the city at face value and believe what he sees. But he would do well, as he travels around the world, to discount or augment his visual impressions. Sightseeing is fine; psyche-seeing is even better. —N. C.



Bookmarks

GEORGE MATTHEW ADAMS has been writing syndicated editorials for more than thirty years (something like 12,000 altogether), and rare among them have been those which have made no mention of books. In a recently published selection of these called "The Great Little Things" (title courtesy of William Pitt the elder), Mr. Adams mentions with reasonable pride a Pennsylvania toll-bridge keeper who, inspired by Mr. Adams, had "gotten together a library of three hundred books — and read them all." This is missionary work of a high order, and we hope the book trade, all the way from author to retailer, is aware of Mr. Adams's important contribution to the diffusion of print and duly grateful therefor. Incidentally, "The Great Little Things" is dedicated to Mr. Adams's twin sons. Is this the first dedication celebrating a multiple birth? Certainly during the past nineteen years *some* book must have been made over to the Dionne girls.

* * *

A newest-school poet has been sighted who capitalizes the last letter in each line.

* * *

James Joyce's presumed first publication, it appears from the excellent bibliography by John J. Slocum and Herbert Cahoon which Yale University Press recently published, was a broadside or perhaps pamphlet entitled "Et Tu, Healy?" One may presume, from so much, that the production, of which no copies are known to exist, was political in content, and that the youthful author (he was nine) was anti-Healy. There is at least one other example of a youngster charging into the arena of political pamphleteering. In 1808 William Cullen Bryant composed an anti-Jeffersonian tract, "The Embargo," which was published by his delighted father with no other identification of authorship than "By a Youth of Thirteen." Thirteen, forsooth! An ancient already, by Joycean standards.

* * *

Then there was the girl who was studying to be a dietitian and was taking eating three times a day.

* * *

Height of futility: Looking for a wild goose to chase in a bush to beat about. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

WANTED: NEW LEADERS

YOUR EDUCATION ISSUE [*SR* Sept. 12] is excellent—better than previous issues which have sometimes seemed a little biased though perhaps the bias is mine.

Your method of reviewing "Quackery in the Public Schools" with pro and con reviews is surely a sound procedure in dealing with a controversial book. Discerning readers will probably conclude that there is indeed some of what Lynd calls "quackery" but less than Lynd would have us believe. Even so something ought to be done about it, but perhaps the quackery is not so much in the schools, or even in the teachers colleges, as in the writings and speeches of a few educational "leaders," leaders who have few followers among parents and really not a great many among classroom teachers. We could use some new leaders —ones who have some knowledge both of philosophy and of public opinion.

PAUL WOODRING.

Bellingham, Wash.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"But I don't *like* to go berserk—it makes my head ache."

WHY STUDY FRENCH?

PROFESSOR HENRI PEYRE'S *editorial* [*SR* Sept. 12] was indeed a most admirable one, but it revealed that this learned gentleman cannot view American educational problems from any standpoint but that of the linguistic advocate.

He lays great stress on the fact that, if the study of foreign languages were "generalized" and begun earlier in school, students could read foreign literature and journalism in the original. But what value this ability would have for the *average layman* remains a mystery.

If languages are to be introduced earlier in school, some other subject or subjects in the curriculum will likely be dropped. The question then arising is: Is the change really worthwhile? The study of foreign languages requires a great deal of time from students, particularly if, as is usual in America, the students know next to nothing about their own language. Is it more worthwhile for them to spend several years on languages, when those subjects will never be of any practical value to them? It just might be more worthwhile for them to learn something about the history and geography of other countries, and about some of the problems that, at present, beset the whole of mankind.

DIRK MACLEOD.

Vancouver, Canada.

AUTHOR CALLS BET

MR. ELMER DAVIS bets me ten cents [*SR* Sept. 5] that the cover of my new paperback novel, "Escape to Eden," to which I referred in my letter to Bennett Cerf [*SR* Aug. 15], "will be adorned with a picture of a naked woman; and another five cents that somebody will be shooting, stabbing, or slugging her." You ask, "Any Takers?"

I am a taker. The cover contains no naked woman; there is a woman, but she is in a bathing suit (and not a Bikini). There is a man in a pair of bathing trunks; the scene is one you can see on any beach any day. The man is not, and there is no one, shooting, stabbing, or slugging anyone.

I am calling upon Mr. Davis quite seriously to pay me ten actual cents he bet, sent to me, for having lost the first part of his bet, and five actual cents he bet, sent to me, for losing the second. . . . Further, as Mr. Davis recklessly suggests, there is nothing "misbranding" about this book in any respect. . . .

THEODORE PRATT.

Hollywood, Calif.

THE PAY-OFF

I OWE MR. PRATT ten cents, which I have sent him. I lost my second bet; but only half of my first one, since the lady is half naked. To be sure, as Mr. Pratt points out, she is in a bathing suit; but that is pretty nearly as naked as ladies can be depicted on book covers, for fear of the police.

As for any question of misbranding, that seems to be between Mr. Pratt and his publishers. He said, if I recall, that there is no sex in the book. The blurb says that Angus Martel escaped to Eden; but "then the woman came, and with her the evil of the world." Certainly there are various kinds of evil; it is possible that in this engaging beach scene she is trying to persuade him to forge a will, or engage in a conspiracy to commit embezzlement. But the jacket picture would suggest that these handsome and apparently affectionate young people have something more agreeable and interesting in mind.

In the old days gentlemen used to "post" people who declined a challenge to a duel. Mr. Pratt is at liberty to post me, if he wishes, as still owing him five cents.

I am willing to let the world judge between us, in the unlikely case that it gives a damn.

ELMER DAVIS.

Washington, D.C.

POSTED

I TAKE UP Mr. Davis's second challenge and post him for still owing me five cents, for his reply to this part of the bet is obviously hedging. He bet me that the lady was naked. She is not naked.

THEODORE PRATT.

Hollywood, Calif.

LITERARY, INDEED!

I WOULD LIKE to call your attention to what I take to be a printer's error in my review of "The Actress" [*SR* Oct. 3]. In the phrase that reads "the rather frail literacy and nostalgic values of Ruth Gordon's chronicle of her early days," the original copy had *literary* in place of *literacy*. It might preserve me from some justifiable wrath on the part of Miss Gordon if you would absolve me of the error in your letter column.

HOLLIS ALPERT.

New York, N. Y.

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A Man's Conscience

Sholem Asch's "A Passage in the Night" *(Translated by Maurice Samuel. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 367 pp. $3.75) tells of the search by a self-made man for a poor Pole he bilked in the days of his youth.*

By Nathan Rothman

LIKE all of Sholem Asch's major works, his latest novel, "A Passage in the Night," is a parable. That is to say, the mass of physical data which he wields so easily to create a recognizable world—in this instance the world of Isaac Grossman, a powerful real-estate and industrial tycoon—is actually employed upon a higher level of symbolic significance. It is as though the facts of Grossman's life past and present, solid enough to make the substance of any novel, were themselves the shadows of the reality of his life, shadows of the essential spiritual drama that links the history of Grossman with the history of man, and illumines both.

I should say that this faculty of reaching through the transient physical curtain of life to touch the spiritual essence, is a definition of Asch's greatness. There are other writers who can tell as well as Asch the tale of the Jew in Europe, the Jew in America, with all of the bitter humor, the melancholy dedication, the raffish, the sentimental, the poetic, the salty detail. But Asch has this other dimension to add, and at once the scene is enhanced and exalted; it bristles with planes of meaning.

The problem is presented obliquely through the experience of Isaac Grossman as he sits amidst his empire of wealth in Florida. He has come up by the familiar passage of poverty and hunger, from New York's East Side. Asch traces this for us in a series of reminiscent flashbacks with his usual rich panoply of detail: the pushcarts, the crowds, the shops of New York streets, the interplay of three generations of Jews, the shifting weights of religious doctrine and worldly sophistry, all peopled profligately with the lifelike figures: the Grossmans, the lawyers, the rabbis, the merchants, Jews, Catholics, Quakers.

It is upon this level alone an impressive narrative. But the real problem is behind and above and beyond, for Grossman is wounded where no doctor can search—in conscience; and he lies in the midst of his self-made world as alone as though he were indeed upon the other side of the horizon.

Once, at a crucial time of his youth, he needed a small sum of money to get the one job, the one chance, that could put him on the road to his present power. And he did get it, by taking advantage of a poor Pole, and stealing twenty-seven dollars from him. Now he can think only of the Pole, Kovalsky. Where is Kovalsky? How can he make up to Kovalsky for the crime? All of his wealth is soured, his life shadowed, by his need to rectify the crime. The search for Kovalsky is a search for penance, and spiritual peace.

Sholem Asch—"a religious doctrine and worldly sophistry."

It is a search that raises up its own obstacles. First, the unscrupulous people who try to use Grossman's evident need for information and help, to bilk and blackmail him. They produce bogus Kovalskys, befoul the search. Then, his family, who think him to be the victim of fatigue and hallucination. Kovalsky? There was no such Kovalsky. Actually they bring the weight of their psychoanalysts to bear against him, and force him into a sanatorium. And finally his own depression and despair, as he finds that his one new instinct for self-purification has brought him to this pass, where all his crass power-cravings had brought only success and glorification.

IN failure he is a judgment upon his world. In final success he is a symbol of renascence. His pilgrimage is indeed a parable of the hunger for integrity, true beyond the actuality of the small incident at its core—for what if there were or were not a real Kovalsky? "Who cares if it's an obsession or a fact," cries out one friend of Grossman. "He needed it for the sake of his conscience. Does it matter what led him to undertake this project if the result would be good for him, and the world too?" There are byways here for the reader to pursue, and elsewhere too in this eloquent and probing book of a haunting conscience.

I should like to cavil, if I may, at Asch's easy and superficial treatment of the psychiatrists in his book. In probing Grossman's sickness of soul to find the hard nugget of irritation there, Asch himself was doing a fine piece of literary and spiritual psychoanalysis. Why, then, has he allowed himself to cast the psychiatrists as straw villains who misunderstand Grossman and push him into a sanatorium, contrasting them with the good and inspired rabbi who sees the truth and helps Grossman to exorcise his ghost, Kovalsky? The contest is fixed. A good psychiatrist would have known what the rabbi knew, and done the job as well, if less dramatically. I feel this book indicates at least that Asch knows more about psychiatry than he has allowed his fictitious psychiatrists to practice, thus adding, I fear, to the general public suspicion of the newest medical science.

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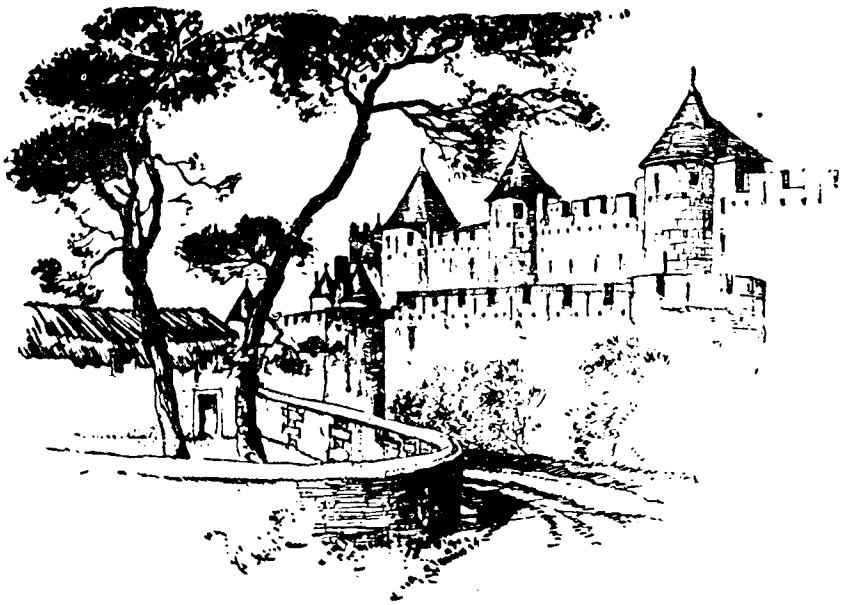

—By Samuel Chamberlain, for "Bouquet de France."

Frenchmen from the Pyrenees

"The Catalans," by Patrick O'Brian *(Harcourt, Brace. 250 pp. $3.50) describes the crisis created in a prosperous French Catalan family by a threatened* mésalliance.

By Oliver La Farge

PATRICK O'BRIAN'S first novel, "Testimonies," dealt with passion in a small Welsh community by a method offering interesting possibilities of narration by accumulation, which did not quite come off. His second, "The Catalans," more direct in treatment and freer in style, is by far the better of the two. It tells of a crisis brought on by an impending, highly unsuitable marriage in a tightly knit, hard-bitten, prosperous, emotional French Catalan family. At first it appears a story primarly concerned with folkways and interrelationships in an interesting minority group, but it becomes progressively richer and deeper, charged with potential tragedy.

The threatened *mésalliance* is dissected from an unexpected number of points of view, until the reader is presented with what seems an absolute dilemma of emotions, from which he can see no way out except through some act of violence, an expectation encouraged by the setting of the moment. The author has a better solution, and a credible one. He can, however, be accused of maintaining his pitch of suspense by withholding information concerning what is happening inside his main character, although he does offer clues.

At first the reader fears that he is in for one of those tales narrated through the mind of a detached yet intimate observer — the method exploited so well by Joseph Conrad and done to death by William McFee. The reader is pleasantly disappointed. Alan Roig, the observer, the kinsman returned from another world, becomes much more. The story is told through him with only minor exceptions, but his part in it is what in present-day anthropological jargon would be called "action research," and finally much more than that.

Judging by these two novels, Mr. O'Brian is addicted to one odd device. He indicates the approach of internal climax in a main character by causing him to undertake a task beyond his strength, which he accomplishes only by driving his body through horrors of exhaustion. The two descriptions of this situation are in effect identical, so that the second is almost self-plagiarism. The device does not work, and in the present instance casts incredibility over several following pages.

That trick aside, "The Catalans" is excellently written. The rich local color is well exploited but never gets out of hand. The style is good, and the writer is not afraid to vary it upon appropriate occasion. The opening casts the storyteller's spell, and soon enough the story marches. The end result is a fine novel of conflict of character.

Rival to Orwell

"One," by David Karp *(Vanguard Press. 311 pp. $3.50), is a story of a Welfare State of the future where the spirit and mind of all individuals have been obliterated.*

By Harrison Smith

IN THIS moment of world tension fear of what may happen to our country and to ourselves may be an exhilarating and a shocking emotion if a novelist places his story far enough in the future. There is no doubt that "Nineteen Eighty-Four," George Orwell's satire on the totalitarian state, has left its mark on everyone who has read it attentively. It was terrifying since it was both imaginative and logical, and it left in one's mind the gnawing suspicion that it might happen, though even the weak-minded could not translate into "it is inevitable that it will happen." Orwell's great book has had no rival until the recent publication of a first novel by a young American.

David Karp's "One" is perhaps even more terrifying. It lacks the satirical note, the wide canvas, and the grim humor which its predecessor gave to his account of what might happen to Great Britain in a few years of Communist domination. It is concentrated on the attempt of a welfare state to destroy the mind and spirit of a single insignificant individual. The date in which the gruesome events happen, presumably on this continent, is mercifully left to another century than ours. Mr. Karp has allowed his story not an ounce of humor, unless the failure of the all-powerful Department of Internal Examination to force one of its insignificant but faithful spies to confess that he was a deviationist by removing his ego might be considered a cosmic joke on his tormentors. The novel is essentially a struggle between three elements that exist in human nature—the passion to remain an individual, the desire to force others to obey an established set of rules and doctrines, and the instinct to conceal one's heresies and lack of faith in the established order.

After a century or more of complete control the heads of the welfare state were certain, like that almost forgotten dictator Hitler that it would endure a thousand years. The possibility of world wars had ended, ambition for wealth or progress was stifled, the State Church as a weapon for softening men's minds was winning converts everywhere. The least deviation from the normal

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was punished as heretical; the Department's spies were everywhere; revolution was impossible since there was no dictator to rebel against. There was left no zest, no drive, no sense of excitement, except in the top brackets of government. Still, while it was agreeable to have everyone believe as they should, it was fatal for the State to depend on them for opinions or decisions. "A political analyst who was not a heretic was useless. The State could not use flattery; it wanted cold and absolute thought." In that lay its weakness and the power of an unimportant, vain, and mild little professor named Burden, who for ten years had listened to his colleagues and reported nightly on every deviation he heard. His only real value to the Bureau had been his ability to read lips.

As a routine matter the Professor was summoned to headquarters for investigation. In all innocence he immediately betrayed his fatal vanity and his egotism. He promptly fell into the hands of the cleverest and the least humane of the examiners, a zealot whose own ego had been plucked from him in his youth. The case of Professor Burden became a cause celebre. The Department wished to kill the Professor as a condemned heretic, but the soul-thirsty inquisitor, oddly named Mr. Lark, begged for his life for three weeks. The wretched Professor's mind was examined and washed with every refinement of scientific cruelty; his body was tortured, and his memory was taken from him.

Lark had said to his superior, "I am going to pulverize this man's identity. I'm going to reduce him to a cipher—from one to zero. Would you be interested in watching the process?" It is this conflict between the helpless, insignificant man and the demoniac forces against him that gives the novel its fascination and its power to chill the reader's blood. To accomplish this without the use of violence, action, bloodcurdling murders, or the tried techniques to produce fear is Mr. Karp's unique gift to the novel of suspense. The totalitarian world will find few adherents and no converts among its readers. There may remain a single doubt as to the complete validity of the story of "One." The reader may accept the Welfare State, its inquisitors, and all of those engaged in putting an end to Professor Burden's heresy; but he may ask whether it is possible by any means whatever to take a man's memory from him, so that he will never again, asleep or awake, recall his life, his work, his wife or children, so he will forever have lost ego and become a blank anonymous man known as Mr. Hughes, or Mr. One.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

AN ALL-FICTION PI

Irma L. West of Glenville, West Virginia, offers the titles of twenty novels and the names of twenty novelists, all of them in just about the worst mess you ever saw. If you unscramble twelve of the combinations, you will be doing well; thirteen, remarkably well; fourteen or better, you must have a lot of time on your hands. Answers on page 73.

1. The mice hate Min.	Hero Egbert Sweller
2. A maid scale.	King Hotnat Robot
3. Jane, dip up red cider.	U. Ate Jansen
4. Do or die, Mr. Crank.	Blotto Sam Slite
5. Sing high, wee truth!	E. Timber Lyon
6. As gay test of her.	Logy Jawn Throsh
7. The wight done win.	Regal Charm Meltit
8. Cry, lean hag!	Don Belt Tanner
9. Do any harvestin'?	A. Level Henry
10. 'E scan dusty trail.	Any Cool Dane
11. He meets truth seeker.	Aladdin Rex Musa
12. Too honest men.	Silo W. Clinkle
13. U can stray.	Familiar Wellkum
14. Mark now! Heed, O Gallo!	Wm. Halesfoot
15. She is sure not Al's.	Genes Haywire, M.T.N.
16. I come hunting a mat.	Mont Shaman
17. Pep up her theatre dancin'.	Art Winkam
18. Ali's dry lime.	Jesh Yarmen
19. Sib, pay our ale fee.	Hasty Dram, H.O.
20. May get a rain dancer.	Sire Dodo Rheeter

Chicken-Run Romance

Angela Thirkell's "Jutland Cottage" *(Alfred A. Knopf. 312 pp. $3.50) is another tale of that most delightful of English counties, Barsetshire, this one being about the good people who rally to the aid of the nice Phelps family.*

By Walter Havighurst

In the amiable imaginary county of Barsetshire, as Angela Thirkell's enthusiastic readers know, people take an intense interest in one another. They meet frequently, at church, at garden parties, at tea and supper, but they never exhaust their neighborly curiosity and concern. They are tireless and adept at matchmaking. The sound of wedding bells is heard in all the Barsetshire novels, and never more happily than in "Jutland Cottage."

To Greshamsbury comes a new vicar, Canon "Tubby" Hewling, a comfortable bachelor and ex-Navy man. He finds life very congenial in the new parish, where he can compare naval memories with a couple of parishioners and even with a retired admiral. Admiral Phelps was a veteran of the Battle of Jutland, and his modest home at Southbridge is named Jutland Cottage. Here he lives with an invalid wife and a sturdy, selfless, middle-aged daughter, on a pension that would be scorned by any trade unionist.

The Phelpses need friends and the Barsetshire neighbors are ready. Soon an unofficial Society of Friends of the Phelpses is in operation—visiting the admiral and his ailing wife and gradually emancipating Margot Phelps from the domestic life that has all but swallowed her.

The vanities, eccentricities, and pretensions of Barsetshire are not overlooked in this novel, but in their befriending of the Phelpses the neighbors are shown in their most becoming attitudes. They make a spirited game out of their generous project. Canon Fewling, Rose Fairweather, Mr. Wickford, Mr. Macfayden, even Lady Lufton—they all take a lively interest in reclaiming Margot from her drudging life. And Margot, patient, uncomplaining, accomplished in the garden and the chicken-run, rewards their efforts by uncovering a simple charm and an ardent spirit.

There are three bachelors among the Society of Friends of the Phelpses, and in due time it is evident that Margot Phelps will have a suitor. Appropriately the proposal of marriage

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comes to her in the hen-run, and is accompanied by the gift of a bag of fertilizer for the garden. To round things out (as Mrs. Thirkell can be counted on doing) her book on poultry raising is soon on its way to a sympathetic publisher.

Along with the happy story of the people in Jutland Cottage the novel offers a succession of diverting incidents. A memorable one is the expedition to the tower of Greshamsbury church to examine the golden-crested mippet that is nesting in the gutter. Here Mrs. Thirkell shows her special combination of sympathy and satire, her understanding of country character, her attachment to it and her amused discernment.

With all the changes in England, Barsetshire happily holds on to its own ways. "That lovely land of down and water-meadow had hardly changed in the last hundred years, and many of the villages were still images of what they had been." Mrs. Thirkell's devoted readers may go on giving thanks for unchanging English Barsetshire and its unreconstructed people.

Was the Admiral Admirable?

Jerome Weidman's "The Third Angel" *(Doubleday. 477 pp. $3.95) is a change of locale and mood for the author of "I Can Get It for You Wholesale"; instead of the New York garment district, it's Connecticut suburbia, and there are some nice people involved in an effort to set up a national monument.*

By Sloan Wilson

IN HIS books about the New York garment center Jerome Weidman showed himself a master of the hate story, an increasingly popular form of literature in which all the characters detest each other, and act so atrociously that the reader cannot help but loathe them to a man. Weidman even went beyond that, for he dwelt upon the weaknesses of his ambitious garment workers with such delight that it became perfectly clear that he despised them more than anybody. Reading those books is fun, not only because they are often as funny as they are biting, but because seeing Weidman spear the abominable people he describes gives the same sort of pleasure one gets from hearing a friend criticize one's personal enemy. "Go on," the reader feels like saying, "the bastards deserve it."

Even so, the absence of any compassion or love, of course, marred and limited Weidman's work, for hate isn't really an emotion worthy of one's attention for long, no matter how skilfully and intensely it is expressed. For this reason it is gratifying to note that in Mr. Weidman's new book, "The Third Angel," he presents some characters who are, of all things, admirable! Some of them even like and try to help each other a little, and when they do wrong they occasionally feel bad about it. In the last chapter one character even apologizes to another, and the apology is gracefully accepted.

This doesn't mean, of course, that Mr. Weidman has gone soft. In his new book he examines a Connecticut suburb as clinically as he did the garment center. He describes the different inhabitants of suburbia in as much detail as a zoologist could define the passengers aboard Noah's Ark. The sex life of the major and minor characters is investigated with a thoroughness which Dr. Kinsey might envy, and there are plenty of people in the book for the reader to hate.

But in "The Third Angel" Mr. Weidman ends by giving the human race a chance, and he does it with the skill at storytelling which always makes his books hard to put down. The plot of the new book is nothing very complicated—a war widow tries to raise two children and to make a living selling real estate, and there is a large dispute in the town about whether the home of a dead admiral should be made into a national monument—but somehow Weidman maintains more suspense than is found in the average detective story.

A lot of the plot turns on the question of whether the dead admiral whose home is proposed for a monument was actually a good man or an evil one. It would be unfair to divulge the answer, but it's nice to see a novel in which the character of a senior military officer is even left open to question. From the fiction I've been reading lately I've taken to assuming automatically that they're all bums.

African Primitive

"The Palm-Wine Drinkard," by Amos Tutuola *(Grove Press. 130 pp. $2.75). is a fantasy, written by a Nigerian messenger boy, recounting the supernatural adventures that befall a lad psychologically very much like himself.*

By Lee Rogow

AMOS TUTUOLA, a West African messenger boy who works in the Government Labor Department in Lagos, Nigeria, is as far removed from the main currents of literary thought as it is possible to get without rocket travel. He is a farmer's son who had six years of elementary education and then worked as a blacksmith and metalworker. He owns no books, is not known to his acquaintances as an author. He had probably never even seen an author until he was interviewed at his messenger's post by Eric Larrabee, the knowledgable reporter who has made Africa his beat. Only two things nominate Amos Tutuola to the mystic fraternity of letters: (1) he has written a book, "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," and (2) at the time of being interviewed he had yet to receive a royalty check from his publisher.

"The Palm-Wine Drinkard," a fantastic primitive, is written in English, but it is an English with inflections and phrasings which make it seem like a new-born language, just as the new scale of Debussy made his compositions into a new kind of music. The opening sentences capture some of the flavor: "I was a palm-wine drinkard since I was a boy of ten years of age. I had no other work more than to drink palm-wine in my life. In those days we did not know other money, except COWRIES, so that everything was very cheap, and my father was the richest man in our town."

The story goes on to tell how the palm-wine drinkard's father engages an expert tapster and gives his son a tree farm nine miles square, with 560,000 palm trees. "So my friends were uncountable by that time and they were drinking palm-wine with me from morning till a late hour of the night."

One day the tapster falls from a tall tree and dies. Unable to find another tapster, the palm-wine drinkard takes to water, his friends shun him, and the drinkard soon resolves to find his tapster in "Deads' Town," where live the "whole people that have died in

(*Continued on page* 44)

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The First American

"Captain John Smith," by Bradford Smith *(J. B. Lippincott. 375 pp. $5), is a biography of the imaginative adventurer who knew Pocahontas. Below it is reviewed by George Willison, author of "Behold Virginia!" and other histories of colonial America.*

By George Willison

A HIGHLY controversial figure in his day, Captain John Smith, of Virginia fame, has remained one. Nor is controversy likely to be stilled by his latest biography, and the best one, by Bradford Smith (no relation, for the Captain died "chaste" and childless). Rather, the biographer's line runs back to another early American worthy, the greatest of the Pilgrims and their long-time governor, whose life and times he portrayed several years ago in his vivid "Bradford of Plymouth."

Mr. Smith, it is clear, was happier with Governor Bradford than "Governor" Smith. For one thing, he had some good, hard, solid facts upon which to build. He did not have to test every Bradford statement for veracity, wondering all the while if he were dealing with actual events or mere figments of Bradford's imagination.

With Smith, on the other hand, the biographer in particular and historians in general are on as treacherous ground as the Captain himself was when, trapped by the Indians on one of his more foolhardy ventures, he slipped in a "bogmire" and was carried a captive before Powhatan, who treated him, so Smith reported immediately after, "with all the kindness he could devise."

Years later Smith changed the whole scene, adding a new story-line, as he was fond of doing, and had Powhatan's braves about to brain him when he was saved by Pocahontas, a girl of twelve or thirteen and a lively minx, soon to be doing cartwheels, naked, through the streets of Jamestown.

His belated account of the dramatic, not to say romantic, rescue has often been questioned—though not, it should be said, in Smith's day. His enemies, and they were legion, found grave fault with Smith's statements on many matters, but none challenged the Pocahontas incident.

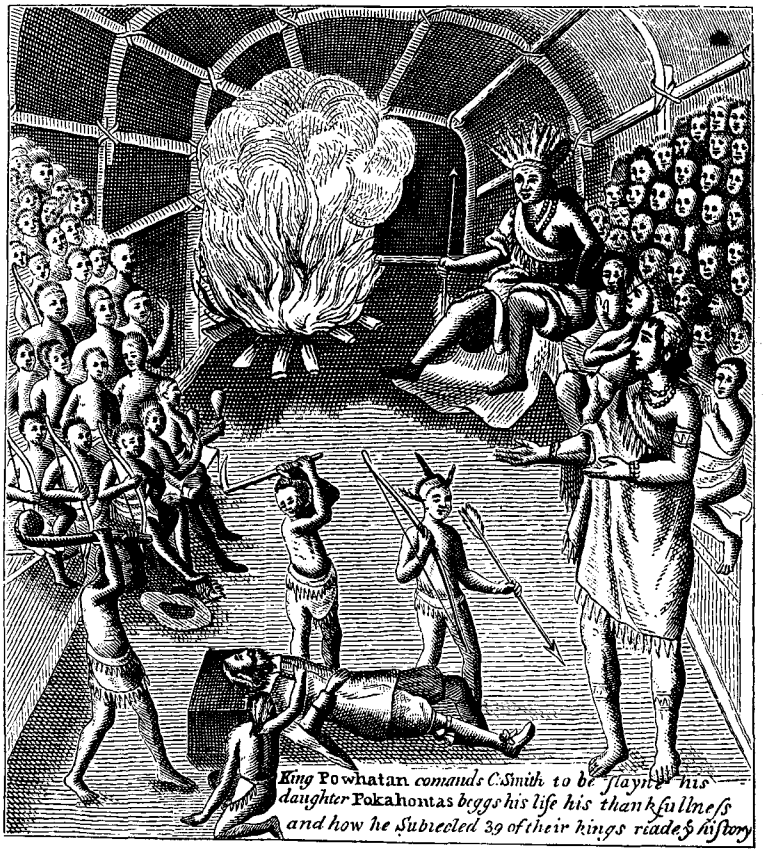
Altogether, as Mr. Smith points out, it is less difficult to credit the story than to reject it entirely as a fabrication. This is the case with so many of Smith's stories. They can neither be proved nor disproved, which creates formidable difficulties for the critical biographer, especially when united with the Captain's lifelong incapacity to get simple facts straight.

His own acount has his father dead in 1593, chopping three years off his life. It has his mother buried at the same time, though she was still alive in 1609, sixteen years after her son had so gratuitously interred her. After their "deaths" he relates that he was at "libertie" and yet bound as an apprentice to a merchant of Lynn. He has himself going off to France on his first foreign travels in 1596, which was not so.

As his biographer observes, "The story of this [early] part of Smith's life—as of a good many other parts—therefore has to be reconstructed on the basis of evidence hitherto never brought to bear on it." The Captain's say-so cannot be accepted except where there is strong corroborative evidence.

Mr. Smith gives his subject the benefit of every doubt. He rearranges his chronology for him. He does his patient and skilful best to extricate the Captain from the almost hopelessly tangled skeins that he wove about himself with his facile pen. With the expert aid of Dr. Laura Polanyi Striker, he has made more sense than ever before of the most disputed parts of the Captain's "True Travels." He has searched the archives of this country and Europe for new facts bearing on a career that was, even on the proved facts, fantastic—a life of high adventure and single-hearted dedication that ended tragically in poverty, neglect, and anticlimax.

Mr. Smith gives the Captain full credit for his real achievements—the remarkable map he early made of


King Powhatan comands C. Smith to be slayne his
daughter Pokahontas beggs his life his thankfullnes
and how he Subiected 39 of their kings riades history

—Bettmann Archive.

Captain Smith's narrow escape.

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Virginia, his important exploration of the New England coast in 1614, his many vivid works to sing the exciting story of settlement and promote colonization. In a real sense Captain Smith was the first Virginian, the first New Englander, the first American. As no Englishman before him, he loved our land, and what could be made of it as the happy home of small independent landowners, free of the semi-feudal restraints of Europe.

IF SMITH liked to boast and strut, if he told tall tales on occasion, if he was forever magnifying his own deeds and belittling the acomplishments and assailing the motives of others, that was all part of the man, as Mr. Smith makes clear.

In his last years, smarting under repeated rebuffs as he vainly sought for some employment in the America he loved, Captain Smith came to believe, or at least to assert, that he had founded Virginia almost singlehandedly, that he organized the venture, that he had brought out the first expedition, that he had been in command at Jamestown from the start—which was simply not true.

He did not organize the Virginia Company, he did not bring out the first ships, he was not in command at Jamestown from the start. Indeed, upon the first landing he was under arrest for mutiny. He did not succeed to the chief command until more than a year later. After another short year he was shipped home in disgrace, never to be employed by the Virginia Company again, for his command had not been a happy or fruitful one.

But all this—and more, too—will not disturb the story-book Captain John Smith, the beloved of Pocahontas (many assumed they married and lived happily ever after), the fearless leader who never knew defeat on any continent, the man of many moral speeches who punished his men for swearing by pouring a can of cold water down their sleeves.

Known to every American school child for generations, this legendary figure has as secure a place in our affections and the rising firmament of our mythology as Davy Crockett, Plymouth Rock, Paul Bunyan, or George Washington's hatchet.

Misunderstood Prophet

"Roger Williams," by Perry Miller *(Bobbs-Merrill. 273 pp. $3), a reexamination of what the great pioneer of religious freedom really thought, inaugurates the Makers of the American Tradition Series. Richard B. Morris, professor of history at Columbia University, reviews it below.*

By Richard B. Morris

LIKE other symbols of the American liberal tradition, Roger Williams has been long overdue for reappraisal. From the pages of Vernon L. Parrington, Williams emerges as a prophet of social revolt. Others following in Parrington's path have regarded as social rather than theological the cast of thought of that pioneer of religious freedom.

Part of the misconceptions which we often entertain about seventeenth-century figures stems from our reluctance to read their works directly. In the case of Roger Williams, his formidable writings, embalmed in the Narragansett Club publications and other discrete repositories, have not been conveniently accessible. In a new volume, "Roger Williams," a combination of original text and interpretation, Perry Miller has made an auspicious contribution to the Makers of the American Tradition Series, in process of publication under the general editorship of Hiram Haydn and Donald Bigelow. With skilful modern editing and generous use of the pruning shears, Professor Miller has succeeded in capturing the core of Roger Williams's ideas.

The editor confesses that he was fortified in his resolve "to cut through the fog of adulation" which enshrouded the true Williams by a recent challenging, if highly dogmatic, article in *Church History* by Mauro Calamandrei. Calamandrei holds that Williams was not a humanist but an orthodox Calvinist, not a rationalist but a Biblicist, not an optimist but a Millenarian, with an undemocratic view of the authority of the ministry. Without denying Williams's historic stand in favor of liberty of conscience, Calamandrei points out that he took that position because he felt that freedom was a positive contribution to the diffusion of the Gospel rather than from lack of conviction.

These excerpts from Williams's prolix, argumentative, and often tedious writings show the prophet of religious liberty to be a passionately religious man, a typologist who strained his ingenuity to find mystical meanings in the Bible, and who infuriated the magistrates of the Bay Colony by denying that they possessed the sanctions of Israel.

But if Williams's writings reveal him to be a Calvinist separatist, an otherworldly Seeker, a militant polemicist, his public actions show him to be a man of democratic leanings, a humanitarian, and a social reformer. This is the paradox of Roger Williams, and no collection devoted to the written word alone can resolve it. Consider his record. He defied the authoritarian state in Massachusetts in what was the first great test in this country of freedom of thought. He treated the Indians with decency and respect. He established his own state on the solid foundations of liberty of conscience and separation of church and state. In his letter to the town of Warwick, 1666, which has not been included in this collection, he not only advocated civil rights and due process but came out flatly for what we today would call democracy. In land distribution he introduced economic democracy. Hence, in seeking to evaluate the man who has been extravagantly praised as a symbol of our liberal tradition, we must carefully distinguish between his gnarled and often incoherent writings, illumined, as in "The Bloudy Tenent," with flashes of eloquence and broad humanity, and his deeds as man and statesman.

"Having bought truth dear," Williams says in the finest of his prose, "we must not sell it cheap." In exposing false conceptions of purity and loyalty, Perry Miller concludes, Roger Williams remains "the symbolic embodiment of that heroism which resists all those who, under whatever slogan, would force the conscience to things it cannot abide."

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A la Jackson

***"Andrew Jackson," by Harold C. Syrett** (Bobbs-Merrill. 298 pp. $3), a discussion of Old Hickory's contributions to our national heritage, is a volume in the new Makers of the American Tradition Series. Charles M. Wiltse, who reviews it below, is the author of "The Jeffersonian Tradition in American Democracy" and a biography of John C. Calhoun.*

By Charles M. Wiltse

ANDREW JACKSON was at once gentle and ruthless, aristocratic and earthy, naive and politically astute, petty and idealistic. His colorful and contradictory career has enjoyed an astonishing vogue among historians since Claude Bowers rediscovered him in 1922. The myth of the semi-literate frontiersman, bullying and brawling his way to the White House, has long since been dispelled, but other myths have arisen to take its place. At one extreme, pioneered by Jackson's own propagandist Francis Preston Blair and endorsed in varying degrees by Bowers, Marquis James, and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., stands a sort of wholesale St. George with a closetful of dragon scalps to his credit. At the other extreme, first limned by Whig opponents and favored by economic historians such as R. C. H. Catterall, Reginald McGrane, and Bray Hammond, stands a militant and domineering Jackson whose instincts and preferences were for one-man rule.

In his new volume, "Andrew Jackson," Harold C. Syrett is careful to avoid both extremes, and rightly so. It is not necessary to classify Jackson either as near-dictator or as social reformer to concede him an important place in shaping the heritage that has come down to us as the American way of life. Syrett identifies three separate elements that became integral parts of the American creed in Jackson's time, and supports his analysis with an admirable selection of letters and public papers from Jackson's hand. None of these elements was original and all would no doubt have found their way into the fabric of American thinking if Jackson had never lived. But by the decisiveness of his actions, the obstinate strength of his convictions, and above all the quality of his leadership he associated them with himself and his administrations.

First of all, Jackson fixed in the American heritage the dogma that the will of the majority shall rule—no qualified it that it must be rightful. For Jackson the will of the majority would necessarily be rightful because men were basically moral and responsible beings. To this conviction he added a gloss that the President alone is elected by the whole people, so that the President transcends both Congress and the Supreme Court as the interpreter and instrument of the popular will. The corollary was the doctrine of the strong President, sensing and anticipating rather than creating public opinion and holding power because he does in fact give the people what they want.

The second Jackson contribution to the American heritage arose from his rugged nationalism. As soldier he fought for a country, a nation, a people—not for any geographic section or peculiar social structure. So as President, Syrett believes, he took always the national view, yielding power to no sectional clique but hewing consistently to the line of national interest. Even those who will disagree that Jackson's course was above sectional prejudice may go along with the major premise. For nationalism undeniably was the result, even where the means consisted of alternately appeasing and frustrating sectional demands.

The third and final point in Syrett's analysis is that Andrew Jackson, coming as he did at a time of vigorous expansion and outspoken individualism, typified in himself and his programs the acquisitive spirit, and made devotion to free enterprise a part of the American creed. Jackson was a poor boy who became both rich and powerful by his own talents and exertions. He believed that everyone should have the same chance, neither hampered nor abetted by Government action.

Professor Syrett has given us in brief compass the most objective and perhaps the most useful view of Jackson to appear. He has set a high standard for the ambitious series on the Makers of the American Tradition.

Searchers for Utopia

***"The People Called Shakers," by Edward Deming Anderson** (Oxford University Press. 309 pp. $6), is a full account of the nineteenth-century religious sect that frowned on sex and private property. Here it is reviewed by Arthur E. Bestor, Jr., professor of history at the University of Illinois and author of "Backwoods Utopias."*

By Arthur E. Bestor, Jr.

IN the decade before the Civil War some six thousand men and women were living a life of complete celibacy and complete community of property in nearly a score of colonies scattered from Maine to Western Kentucky. They were members of a sect whose ecstatic rites brought upon them the derisive name of Shakers. In their condemnation of sex, their rejection of individualism, and their disdain for the restless, speculative urges of a world on the move they were swimming against almost every current in American life. And yet, in a paradoxical way, they were part of that world.

From 1780, the date of the earliest eye-witness account of a Shaker meeting, to the present, the sect has been the subject of an immense and varied literature. Travelers, novelists, religious enthusiasts, social reformers, and upholders of the status quo have all visited and written of its communities. Shaker leaders compiled their own histories, and antagonists produced antithetical versions typified by such titles as "The Rise and Progress of the Serpent from the Garden of Eden to the Present Day, with a Disclosure of Shakerism." In the twentieth century a growing interest in Shaker handicrafts has combined with a somewhat sentimental antiquarianism to keep the flow of writ-

(*Continued on page* 47)

—*From "The People Called Shakers."*

"Square Order Shuffle."

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Manager-Citizens of an Industrial Society

"America: Miracle at Work," edited by William D. Patterson *(Prentice-Hall. 138 pp. $7.50), contains an album of advertisements that won* Saturday Review *Awards for Distinguished Advertising in the Public Interest as well as a group of essays on advertising techniques and objectives. Our reviewer, Elmo Roper, is a marketing consultant who has conducted public-opinion polls in a variety of fields.*

By Elmo Roper

THERE are a number of remarkable things about "America: Miracle at Work," the book just published under the auspices of *The Saturday Review,* but the most remarkable thing about the book is not the book itself; it is the fact that any book of its kind is possible in America today.

The book is an attempt to show graphically what some of America's corporations are doing to "earn their freight" as corporate citizens of these United States. It is a series of essays, ranging in nature from philosophy about the advertising profession to straight exposition as to how a particular campaign was born. While it ostensibly confines itself to instances within the field of advertising, it does more than that—it lifts the curtain a little on what's been going on in American business since an early Vanderbilt said, "The public be damned."

The "miracle" lies in the fact that, while it would have been practically impossible to put together such a book fifty years ago because of the difficulty of finding enough instances of public-interest action on the part of American business, today the difficulty lies in selecting the best examples from an amazingly large number of such campaigns. And remembering that the book deals only with paid advertisements that appeared in newspapers and magazines and makes no attempt to deal with the many other kinds of progressive action carried on by American businesses in the public interest (medical and scientific research, education, aid to youth, general philanthropy, etc.) the achievement becomes even more noteworthy.

It will come as no surprise to many, I am sure, that American business has come a long way from the days when a "Big Man" in business was considered to be a man who wouldn't stoop to stealing anything smaller than a railroad. The robber barons have their page in history—and I have no doubt they earned it. Nor do I doubt that many, small and large, exist today. But partly by Governmental action, partly because of a revulsion on the part of the public, and partly by a growing realization of social responsibility on the part of businessmen themselves, many of the commonly accepted but deplorable practices of business at the turn of the century have long since ceased to exist.

BUT it is one thing for business to cease being a bad citizen; it is quite another thing for business to become an aggressively good citizen. Yet that's just what's been happening over the past few decades, and it is with one part of that change which this book deals.

There was a time when the words "Standard Oil Company" conjured up images of widespread corporate misconduct in the minds of many. Even in the minds of those who couldn't put their finger on identifiable skeletons in the closet there was a feeling that the board of directors of that corporation lived their business lives in suspicious secrecy and possessed more power than was good for America.

There may be some who still think that. But it would be very difficult to find an informed person who thinks it. Today the Standard Oil Company (New Jersey) has evolved into a kind of model of what our corporations should be like. Acutely aware of its obligations to its employes—from top to bottom—with full cognizance of the importance of delivering an ever-increasing dollar's worth to its customers, and with a full realization of its responsibillties to stockholders, this huge company adds one other significant ingredient to its concept of good corporate conduct; it realizes that it is as a corporation a

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Orange Pekoe

"TEA and Sympathy" might perhaps be described as "End as a Man" through rose-colored glasses. For Robert Anderson, that "promising playwright" who knows playwriting as the perpetual bridesmaid knows weddings, has approached a shocking subject in such a way as not to risk a rebuff from a fashionable audience. The shocking subject is not homosexuality, but the "regular guy" standard that prevails in our finest boarding-schools. It is the standard which proposes that the solution to the problems of a sensitive boy is to dull his sensitivities until he comes to behave as unthinkingly as the pack. This process is called, I believe, "learning to adapt."

Well, seventeen-year-old Tom Lee is just such a sensitive young man. He prefers tennis to baseball, listening to symphony records to hanging around the drugstore, and a lovely and sympathetic woman to a "doggy" prostitute. He is called "Grace" by his schoolmates because of an ill-considered moment of unbridled verbal enthusiasm over a Grace Moore performance. He plays the part of Lady Teazle in the school production of "The School for Scandal" because he prizes it as the best role. And he has the temerity to tell his father that he wishes to make a career of singing folksongs and that he refuses to get a crew cut.

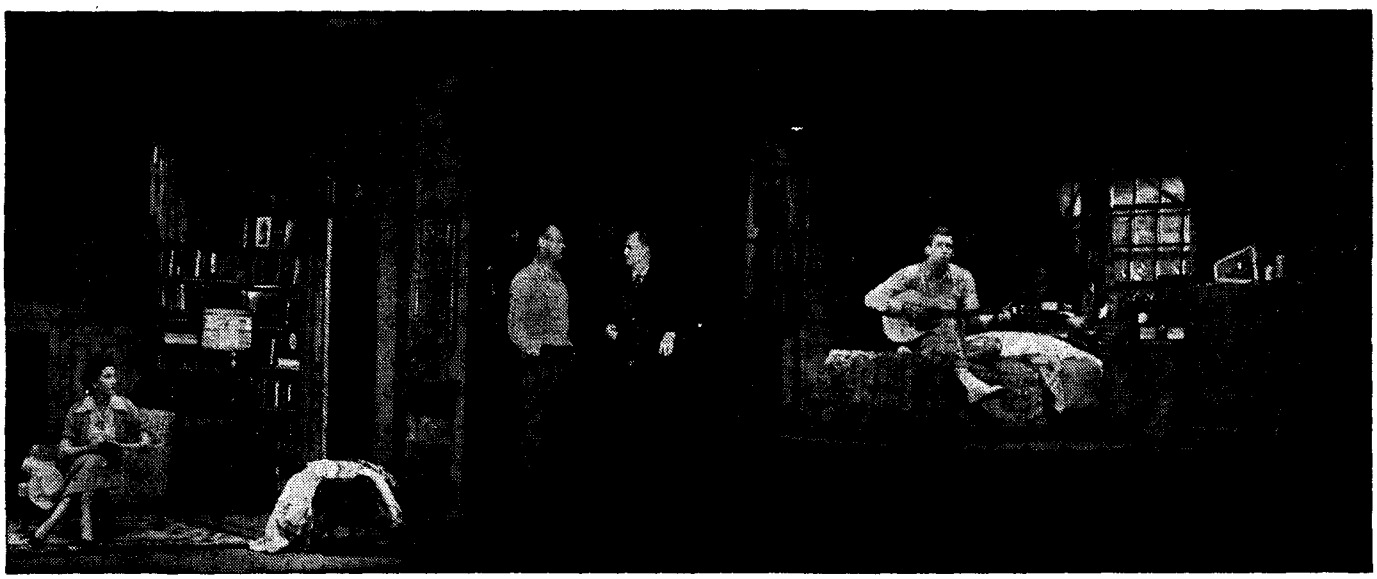
In real life, of course, this sort of young man usually pans out better than his more "regular" associates. Mr. Anderson himself came from a class at Harvard that included such other irregulars as Robert Lowell, Pulitzer-Prize poet; Cleveland Amory, best-selling author; and Leonard Bernstein, ingenious composer of the scores for "On the Town" and "Wonderful Town." But Tom Lee in "Tea and Sympathy" has the fatal misfortune of being espied swimming nude with a teacher who is suspected of having homosexual tendencies. This innocent indiscretion leads to a familiar pattern of guilt by association, which in the highly conformist society of a boarding-school forces even those who know he is innocent to reject him.

At this point the play could easily have been ended with his suicide and become a black melodrama of "The Children's Hour" variety. But Mr. Anderson is a lyrical playwright, and to the delight of the audience young Lee is rescued from the loss of either life or sensitivity by a wise and beautiful young woman who understands that "the end of everything is not its durability" and graciously gives herself to him in a moment of throbbing necessity. In real life Mr. Anderson's resolution of the problem may create a few temporary problems at boarding-schools around the country, for the young woman is the wife of one of the masters. But in the theatre the scene will have a high durability in the memories of all who witness it.

While "Tea and Sympathy" is perfectly carpentered, there is a certain lack of either strongly expressed emotion or the kind of ever-expanding image that are often found in less perfect but more stimulating plays. The housemaster is represented as an out-and-out villain, and his wife and Lee as completely good people. Perhaps Mr. Anderson has his characters and his plot in too tight a rein. They and the play do exactly what he wants them to do, no more, no less, and the end of the play, beautiful and erotic as it is, is the end of a chapter in a book that could continue as long as its author had strength in his typewriting fingers.

Fortunately, the individual actors add dimension to the characters, as indeed good actors should. Deborah Kerr with her gentle grace and pink-shelled heart inhabits that hopeless but exquisite island reserved for those fictional women who are cursed with having both generosity and beauty. "Something more than the right kind of girl" is the way Laura Reynolds is described in the script, but Miss Kerr's acting makes understatement of the phrase. John Kerr (no relation to the actress) plays Tom Lee with innocence, humor, and restraint. Dick York is splendidly human in the role of Tom's roommate. He succeeds in making you feel that the uncourageous decision to abandon Tom in order to save a long-cherished captaincy of the baseball team is the only one possible in his world. The housemaster who belongs to the same world is played with satiric brutality by Leif Ericson and elicits, I'm afraid, no sympathy at all. Perhaps this is necessary to give moral cleanliness to the final scene, but it lowers the level of the play by a good notch.

Elia Kazan's direction is the most delicate work he has done to date. There is always a respect for the lyr-



Housemaster's wife, housemaster, boy's father, and boy in their quadrangular locations.

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I am Esther Costello.
(See Page 49)

Film Programs Puzzling?

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actors operate with remarkable freedom in necessarily restricted quarters. For instance, a boy expressing anger on a tiny stairway is managed beautifully by having him execute several energetic push-ups against the banisters.

Jo Mielziner's unit set is a good example of how a great many small elements and properties can be selectively arranged to produce a clear picture. And if there is anyone who still does not recognize the importance of good stage lighting let him watch the final scenes of "Tea and Sympathy." As much is done with gradually changing light as is by the writing and the acting combined.

"Tea and Sympathy" is the kind of first-rate theatre collaboration that an author is lucky to get in his tenth Broadway play. Mr. Anderson has it in his first. He has taken the calculated risk of being a Broadway playwright and won.

ANOTHER playwright was not so fortunate in his first Broadway venture. Fritz Hochwälder's "Sur la Terre comme au Ciel" arrived here in the form of an Eva Le Gallienne translation entitled "The Strong Are Lonely," and under Margaret Webster's direction the play was decidedly not "sur Broadway comme à Paris." What originally had been a subtly argued play about the incompatibility of power and justice became in this production a fustian historical pageant extoling the bravery of a group of priests in mid-eighteenth-century Paraguay.

The priests, in having established a materially comfortable Utopia for the Indian natives, have incurred the enmity of the rugged Spanish planters. These planters, who find unscrupulousness an essential quality for the maintenance of a strong Spanish imperialism in South America, trump up a series of false charges against the Jesuit settlement. The Spanish King sends a representative, Don Pedro de Miura, to hold a trial, but with iron-bound instructions to find the priests guilty regardless of the facts. Unfortunately, Miura has a conscience and finds them innocent. However, he is also loyal to his king and must try to execute the verdict and destroy the settlement.

The Father Provincial himself rebels against the verdict on the grounds that it would throw a hundred thousand human beings into slavery and arrests Miura and his small force. At this point a legate from the head of the Jesuit order in Rome presents himself and explains to the Father Provincial that not only must he obey the verdict for political reasons (the preservation of the Jesuit Order), but also that he has committed a grave sin by operating a colony that attempted to realize the Kingdom of Heaven on this earth. This Kingdom, the legate points out, is only accessible through death. To sell religion through the offering of material benefits and social justice, he continues, is to mix politics and religion, and God is not a politician.

Partly on the basis of these arguments and partly because he has sworn to obey the head of his Order, the Father Provincial accedes to the verdict, and after an unsuccessful rebellion by the priests of the settlement Miura carries out his orders. Finally, the Father Provincial has a moment of revelation in which he sees that his mistake was in not following the example of Saint Francis, who divorced worldly power from religion.

These arguments, many of which will be coming up again when we get an American production of Graham Greene's "The Living Room," tend to be obscured in "The Strong Are Lonely." The producers and the translator have put themselves definitely on the side of the rebels. Victor Francen's subtle talents are dimmed not only by his struggle with the English language, but by having to interpret the role of the Father Provincial as right. For the professional actor there is no burden as heavy as goodness. Blatancy hurts the others, too. Dennis King plays Miura deftly when he is intellectual and enjoying his power, but fails when it comes to indicate the loneliness of his position. Wesley Addy gives an unshaded performance as a militant priest and seems to froth at the mouth at any pretext. The planters act more like a bunch of tirading union officials at a bargaining meeting than like empire builders, and the Indians and the inquisitors come across as absurdly stupid. Philip Bourneuf, the one actor whose performance has a reasonable resemblance to what the absent author intended, is the exception that proves the rule. His portrayal of the legate is perfectly precise and uncluttered.

Also, on the positive side, it must be admitted that Eva Le Gallienne's translation is reasonably faithful, although she does take the liberty of inserting into the Father Provincial's final speech a line to the effect that the Kingdom of God is within one's self, and to leave out the final line spoken by Miura in which he indicates that he feels he has sinned, albeit for the glory of Spain. Miss Webster partly mitigates her own error

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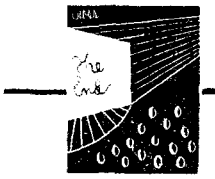
in interpretation by combining with scene designer Rolf Gerard to give us some beautiful stage pictures.

Indeed, "The Strong Are Lonely" should not be considered a total loss. It has introduced us to a capable new Austrian playwright, and, let us hope, has taught future producers a lesson. The serious foreign dramatist must not be poured into a Broadway mold in order to please a wide audience. Instead we ought to concentrate on finding a way to make it financially feasible to present his plays faithfully to a much smaller group with the reasonable expectation that this group will grow in size. If we did create such an audience it might even encourage our own playwrights to experiment a bit.

JUMPING back to the world of pure, or should I say "impure," entertainment, one is confronted with the Danish comedian Victor Borge, whose one-man show, "Comedy in Music," has opened at Broadway prices. Some of the critics in the front rows were so affected by Mr. Borge's skill as a funny-man that they hailed him with more praise than they would have given to a more genuine comic artist, like Jimmy Savo. But those of us seated at a greater distance saw Mr. Borge's talents rather more objectively.

Like a great many Danish performers, Mr. Borge is a superb eclectic—adept at knowing where to use a variety of comic techniques, but fairly unmemorable as a comedian. For instance, he borrows from the late Professor Lamberti the device of asking the audience if they would like to hear a certain difficult composition, and then admitting that he cannot play it. With Mr. Borge it is a quick, artificial laugh. Obviously he can play it, but he knows it is funny to pretend that he can't. But when the wonderful old professor used the joke it was an integral part of his comic character, and I can still see the picture of that bogus figure leaning over his xylophone to make us love him for his lack of pretension.

There are, however, plenty of laughs between the piano interludes and during them. Mr. Borge's truest moments are those during which he admits that he hates to have to play "Liebestraum," or puts up the cover of the piano bench to give himself a back rest. Therefore, I hope I do not seem to quibble when I say that I would rather enjoy Mr. Borge for fifteen minutes at a time on television than for a two-hour stint on Broadway. For, while the skilful Mr. Borge may seem to defy the law of diminishing returns, a lot of him goes a short way. —HENRY HEWES.



SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Boccaccio, Amnesia and a Ringside Seat

—From "Decameron Nights."

Louis Jourdan boccaccechizes Joan Fontaine—"an adult and witty triumph."

CENSORS may, at this very moment, be peevishly snipping and snapping away at a new movie called **"Decameron Nights,"** but I doubt that they'll get very far. Old Giovanni Boccaccio, back in the fourteenth century, must have had some premonition of twentieth-century prissiness, for in a good many of his tales he provided properly moral endings to follow his somewhat improper beginnings and middles. The three selected from the "Decameron" to form this film all end with virtue—after some exceedingly rough going—winning the day. Two chaps I'd never heard of produced this droll and decorative movie: M. J. Frankovich and William Szekely. However, our own Joan Fontaine and France's Louis Jourdan play the leading roles, the filming was done in Spain, and RKO is handling the releasing end. Boccaccio himself is reputed to have been half Italian and half French. A truly international undertaking, all in all.

I suppose it's quite unnecessary after all these centuries, but I'll mention anyway that the "Decameron" represents ten days of storytelling by seven ladies and three gentlemen who inhabited one lovely Italian setting after another while escaping the terrible plague that ravaged Florence some six hundred years ago. The movie confines the frame for the yarn-spinning to one setting, and only one lady and one gentleman provide the entertainment to while away the time until a military siege in the area is lifted.

The lady is Joan Fontaine, the gentleman Louis Jourdan, and they not only tell the stories, they each take the major parts in them. Switching from one personality to another is obviously a heavy task for Miss Fontaine, but she gets better as she goes along—as do the stories somehow. Mr. Jourdan, an obviously accomplished actor, has no trouble playing first a pirate, then an unscrupulous braggart, and finally a Spanish prince given to much philandering.

The increasing feminization of the short story has almost driven out of existence the type that (according to Frances Newman, a brilliant critic of the Twenties) probably began with the Milesian tale, flowered in Boccaccio, was used by Voltaire in sections of "Candide," was revived (far too prolifically) by Maupassant, and degenerated completely in the hands of O'Henry, who substituted the trick for

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the ironic point and left out the improprieties. It became a classic form of the story, practised almost exclusively—and logically—by male writers throughout the centuries. It is nowhere to be found today, although there was a faint revival of it in the Twenties. Paul Morand, in France, and James Branch Cabell, here, made some use of it. The latter-day lack of an ironic and civilized mode of looking at the relationships between the sexes may account for so many of our citizens poring over the Kinsey statistics. A sad substitute, at best.

At any rate, "Decameron Nights" is not only welcome, it seems very fresh. Hugo Fregonese, the director, has preserved the ironic view that is so important an ingredient of the stories, and George Oppenheimer's screenplay gets a good many sparks of humor from each of the situations. Binnie Barnes and the late Godfrey Tearle provide some delightful small bits of characterization throughout, and perhaps it is the golden atmosphere of Spain that gives such mellow tones to the Technicolor. This is a first sampling, for motion pictures, of the Boccaccian treasury, and it has turned out to be an adult and witty triumph.

* * *

It has seemed to me recently that what my movie diet needed was one of those solid little British mysteries we used to get here with some frequency. One that has just come along, **"Murder on Monday,"** comes very close to what I had in mind. It's a neat job, based on an R. C. Sherriff play, which tells of a bank clerk who comes home from his employment to a pleasant little house and pleasant little wife in the suburbs and finds that somehow he is exactly one day late. Twenty-four hours out of his existence had skipped from his memory. Well, naturally you want to know (1) what accounted for the lapse of memory, (2) how he spent the twenty-four hours, and (3) whether or not he was responsible for the murder committed while his memory was straying. All these matters are cleared up nicely, but what gives the movie more than a touch of distinction are a gallery of minor but utterly adept performances turned in by Ralph Richardson, Margaret Leighton, Jack Hawkins, and six or seven others who have the lesser roles.

* * *

Something that might have turned out a great deal worse than it has turned out is **"The Joe Louis Story,"** a low-budget film produced for what I would take to be the purest of commercial reasons. However, Robert Gordon, the director, saw an opportunity for some authentic glimpses into the fight business, as well as an experiment in the bold task of race relations improvement. He was lucky enough to find Coley Wallace, a pretty good heavyweight who strongly resembles, if not in boxing style, the looks and personality of Joe Louis. Mr. Wallace, who had never acted before, is pleasant and unselfconscious in the role of Louis, and there's naturally not the slightest amount of ham in the way he goes about training for a championship career. The movie avoids just about every cliché of the Hollywood fight film, and sticks to telling in simple terms how the greatest of heavyweight champions earned his title, fought and pulverized one opponent after another, and finally was bounced from the ring by a younger pulverizer on his way up, Rocky Marciano.

We also get a glimpse of the marriage that didn't last, the way he piled up debts and paid them off, and interspersed are some actual clips of his greatest fights. The most dramatic of these were the two with Max Schmeling. James Edwards is effective as Louis's trainer. Some aspects of Louis's career are only suggested, or glossed over entirely, and the fight business is made to look somewhat more attractive than it probably is. But it seems to me that Robert Gordon is owing some compliments for the dignified way he has handled his subject. —HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Decameron Nights: Reviewed in this issue.

The Actress: Spencer Tracy, Jean Simmons, and Teresa Wright join to act out Ruth Gordon's reminiscences of her youth in a New England village. (*SR* Oct. 3)

Captain's Paradise: Alec Guinness plays a singularly contented sea captain with a split personality and two very disparate wives. (*SR* Sept. 26)

Roman Holiday: Audrey Hepburn cavorts through the Eternal City with style and winsome insouciance. (*SR* Sept. 5)

The Cruel Sea: A very smooth, very tight, very moving British staging of the Monsarrat novel about a sub-chaser and its war. (*SR* Aug. 22)

The Beggar's Opera: The eighteenth-century opera by John Gay about London lowlife is the scene of cavortings and vocals by Sir Laurence Olivier. (*SR* Aug. 15)

From Here to Eternity: This enormous epic of the Regular Army sprawls across the screen, carrying with it Montgomery Clift, Burt Lancaster, and Frank Sinatra. (*SR* Aug. 8)

Vice Squad: Edward G. Robinson supervises in a semi-documentary on the Los Angeles detective force. (*SR* Aug. 1)

The Band Wagon: The old master, Fred Astaire, ably assisted by Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan, and a galaxy of Dietz-Schwartz tunes. (*SR* July 25)

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The Morals of Three Cameras

A FEW WEEKS ago I suggested here that the citizen who is at all concerned over the effect television can have on him and his fellow men ought to be interested in certain technical aspects of production, the reason being that the "goodness" of a show comes as often from the right use of the machinery as from the intelligence and integrity of the creative people involved. I put "goodness" in quotes because I am not prepared to discuss ethics; I use the word as a baseball fan uses its root when he says, "That was a good game," and I am making the same bridge between morality and esthetics that the fan does when he adds, "It was a beautiful game." He means that all the skills of baseball were used in the best possible way; he implies that seeing a well-executed action, even if it has no moral value in itself, is a good thing—and I agree with him.

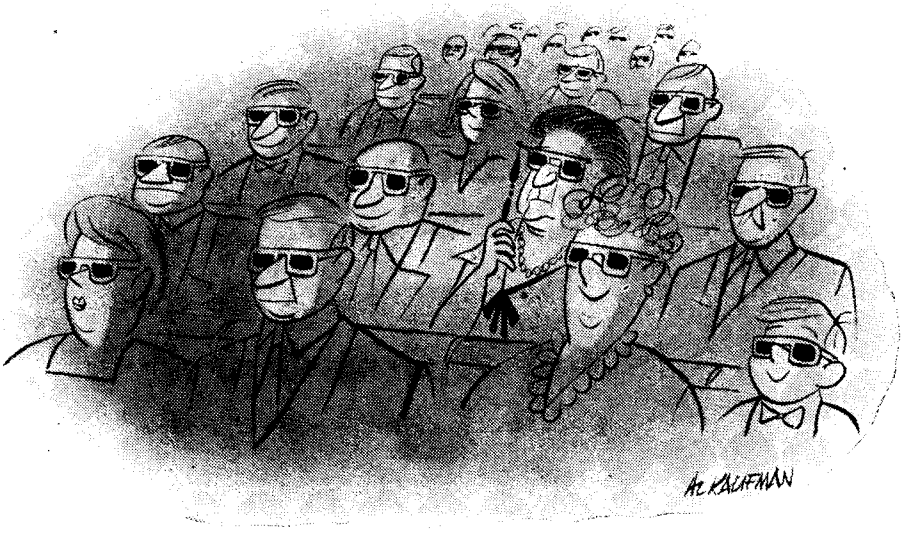
From the beginning two pieces of machinery have been all-important in television: the receiver in the home and the "chain" consisting of the camera and its connections to the switching apparatus in the control room of the studio. Both have changed. The receiver has grown larger and the pictures it delivers are brighter and steadier. These improvements have probably speeded up the sales of television sets, but they have had only minor artistic consequences. They have not changed the fundamental rule of television, which is that all its techniques must be adapted to the great fact that television is seen in the home by a small number of individuals—not in a special place of entertainment by members of an audience which is close to being a crowd.

The change inside the studio has been revolutionary. The quality of a program, apart from its subject matter, depends on what pictures you can get, the order in which you send them out, and the rhythm of their flow across the home screen. When television began the director of a program had at his disposal two cameras; in major productions he may now use five or more. The old camera had one lens; the new ones have from three to five, and the change from one to the other is accomplished, literally, by a flick of the wrist. This means that for every two pictures available ten years ago the director now has from six to ten, and they are almost instantaneously at his disposal. In the earlier days the director had to keep one picture on the air, waiting for the camera to move into position to provide the next one; it is as if he were composing music using only full and half notes, often holding a note longer than he wished because he couldn't strike the next—and now he has fourths and eighths and all the others under his fingertips. Ten years ago he was lucky if he could vary between largo and andante; now he can go through allegro to prestissimo.

The movies have always had this range because a director with only one camera could assemble all the shots he desired and create the tempo of his picture in the cutting room. From D. W. Griffith through the Continental montage system and back to the wizards of cutting in Hollywood (in pre-3-D days) the editing of film has had two objectives: to place before the spectator, at any single moment, the one picture he has to see, the shot to which he will react; and to create those variations of tempo which, in sum, will give the entire film its rhythm. While television was still plodding along with its single-lens cameras the movies had steadily cut down the duration of their shots—the length of time we would see a picture on the screen without interruption—for a close-up or for another view of the scene from a different angle. Each change gives us a slight visual jolt because nothing in our own experience corresponds to the effect on the screen; if we want to see a person or a thing more closely we have to cross the room or the street. But cutting when properly done corresponds to the way our minds work: at one moment we see everybody in the room, then we catch sight of the one we are looking for or love or want to avoid—and the close-up here measures the concentration of our emotions.

I have recently sat through several typical movies, timing their shots, and it seems to me that twenty seconds is the longest time an uninterrupted view is allowed on the screen; I have observed long sequences in which there is a change every five to ten seconds. And I have discovered that when my professional interest lags and I am merely following the picture for itself I begin to be impatient for a change of shot after a quarter of a minute or so. The average moviegoer is similarly conditioned; put him before an English movie, full of action, but with less cuts, and he thinks it slow and heavy-footed. The English, in spite of adapting their pictures more and more to the American market, tend to move their cameras in and out (the dolly shot) and to move the head of the camera from side to side (the pan shot).

IN competition with the movies for the favor of an audience accustomed to a rapid succession of visual stimuli, the directors of television have often tried to beat them at their own game. You may watch one of those clipped bits of dialogue, no sentence more than five words, between a man and a woman and get flashing intercuts of close-ups, until you forget that they are talking to one another; they both seem to be talking to you—and very jerkily at that. In a variety of other ways efforts are made to assimilate the style of TV to that of the movies on the assumption that the best way to hold the attention and excite the sensations of an audience in a the-



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atre is also the best way to affect two or three individuals sitting at home.

Without attaching symbolic value to these techniques, I think it is fair to say that a multiplicity of images, on none of which the eye can rest for as long as half a minute, is useful for excitement; it offers a constant change of surface and consequently prevents any contemplation of depth. In other terms, it is ideal for action, not so useful for the complete deployment of character. It happens that live television (which is associated with the transmission of actual events, the appearance of public figures answering questions, and such searching investigations as the sessions of the Kefauver Committee) can present the actuality of human character better than any other medium of communication or entertainment, and a number of dramatic programs (half-hour series as well as hour-long single plays) have rooted themselves firmly in the interest of character rather than in the interest of plot. They have let plot develop out of the people involved and have avoided the twists and gimmicks and weenies of Hollywood which defy the logic of character to arrive at melodrama. But if the attempt continues to rival the speed of cutting in Hollywood it will end in television using the materials of Hollywood—and dropping out of sight the whole area of character-drama which it can do so well.

THIS is likely to happen more rapidly if more and more dramatic programs are made in Hollywood, and it is at this point that the public interest—and the concern of good citizens—become evident. I fancy that a good many readers of this weekly take a higher pleasure in drama-of-character than in the kind of drama-of-plot which distorts character; I am with them. But my major interest is still that both should continue to appear, on the principle (which I have discussed before) that variety is even more important than excellence. The entire direction at present is against this desirable coexistence.

I have concentrated on a single technical area—the cutting or editing of the television picture—because it most conspicuously demonstrates the connection between mechanisms and quality. The technological backwardness of early television, like the situation of the movies before sound, led to the creation of a certain style. Improvements made it possible for television to compete with the movies *in their style*. The result may be a loss of variety and an actual downgrading of quality—which I think may justly be considered as moral phenomena. —GILBERT SELDES.

MUSIC TO MY EARS

One for the Road, as Sadler's Wells Takes to Same

TOO SOON, of course, and with too little opportunity to let the experience really soak in, the 1953 season of Sadler's Wells Ballet at the Metropolitan Opera House has come to an end. New York has relinquished the company grudgingly, with any number of prospective ticket buyers unaccommodated and many of those who were accommodated nevertheless unsatisfied. If it is a question of "one for the road" we'd like to have a subordinate group take on the touring and have this one stay right here.

Taken together, it's hard to recall any experience of ballet character as stimulating as this since the company first came our way in 1949. That was a kind of rousing daybreak; this has been superheated noon. Or to be factual rather than metaphorical, the addition of "Daphnis et Chloë," "Sylvia," and "Homage to the Queen" to the previous full-length versions of "Swan Lake" and "Sleeping Beauty" (not to mention the expanded "Giselle") has given this group the strongest repertory it has ever had, in this balletic year A.D. (After Diaghilev) 24.

The time element is not to be minimized. That part of New York's public which has come to know this good thing well might ponder the fact that in the time since Diaghilev died (in 1929) ballet has become an abiding enthusiasm in this country—due largely to transoceanic endeavor. In that same time the name Sadler's Wells has emerged from the obscurity of a neighborhood enterprise barely known even to Londoners to a synonym for quality known world wide. In that time we can recall any number of native endeavors ranging from the dazzling to the dismal, most of which have gone even as they came, from nowhere leaving nothing. The residue is a hardworking, struggling-for-survival Ballet Theatre, and a sporadically brilliant New York Ballet based on the City Center with some remarkable minor accomplishments to its credit but no outstanding major ones. Most ironically, the biggest frame has no picture worthy of the name, as will be revealed next month when the Metropolitan Opera opens its season with a "Faust" virtually *sans* ballet, bypassing the nearly two hours of such music Gounod provided for his most durable work.

Say, if you will, that it is late in the day to catch up, that we have no such underpinning of subsidy as the British Council provides to both Covent Garden and the Sadler's Wells Ballet. But don't forget also to say that we lack a person with the driving ambition of Ninette de Valois, who had no subsidy and, of course, no company when she first went to work with Lillian Baylis of the Old Vic Theatre. The fault, to quote the ever accessible Shakespeare, is not in our stars—of whom we have an abundance—but in ourselves.

CHOREOGRAPHICALLY this has been an Ashton season. What has been accumulating in his name in England over months and years was compressed here into a series of days, which merely intensified appreciation of the creative effort that has gone into the making of "Daphnis et Chloë," "Sylvia," and "Homage to the Queen." An observer better versed in such matters than I has said that even Fokine, in his period of outstanding inventiveness, had no such series of triumphs in so short a time.

Oddly enough, both "Daphnis" and "Sylvia" engaged a similar plot structure—pastoral love disrupted by a marauder carrying off the prima ballerina, who must thereupon wait upon one god or another for deliverance. If "Daphnis et Chloë" is the more compelling, it should not be forgotten that in it Ashton has been carried on the tide of a musical masterpiece, while the Delibes score, for all its charm, poses a decided problem in animation. Also, in "Daphnis" he could evolve a style of movement suitable to his own concept of the action, whereas in "Sylvia" he had a classical framework of solos, duos, and ensembles to fill, a complicated story to tell in movement, and such high points as the "Valse" and "Pizzicati" to make conspicuous. That he was able to do both well enough for the results even to be compared is a measure of the success in each.

As a production "Sylvia" has been dressed more imposingly by the Ironsides than "Daphnis" has by John Craxton. Nevertheless, the imagery and power of Ravel's score (heard in its entirety, with the wordless chorus Ravel deleted from the suites he made for concert-hall use) results in an experience so rousing that one can only wonder why some other com-

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pany has not undertaken it before. It is too late now, of course, for Ashton has put his mark on it permanently. Both works were performed in the thoroughgoing Sadler's Wells style, though again "Daphnis" profited more from the qualities of Margot Fonteyn than "Sylvia" did at its first performance. In her second appearance (after intervening performances by other ballerinas), and with John Hollingsworth conducting, the total effect was much more gratifying. "Sylvia," it appears, is one of those works that can be drastically influenced by the mood of the central performer, and with Miss Fonteyn "on" it gave off a good deal more luster.

She also took up the challenge of "Giselle" in a single performance (Violetta Elvin danced the other). How often Miss Fonteyn has performed this part since New York first saw it two years ago I couldn't say; in any case, still not enough to mold it to herself so completely as the familiar Tchaikovsky ballets and the unfamiliar French ones. I speak of it this way for the simple reason that at this point of her career she obviously has to do Giselle her own way.

Perhaps if we had never seen a Markova, Fonteyn would leave no room for quibbles as Giselle; but in my view—however heretical—Alicia Alonso is also more a Giselle than Fonteyn. As Giselle, Fonteyn strikes me as more Fonteyn than in any of her other major roles. That is to say, her inherent health and vibrance are not sufficiently dissembled to make the character she is portraying a plausible victim of overexertion from, of all things, *dancing* (as the plot demands). As the resurrected, disembodied spirit in Act II she is rather more earthly than spiritual, also. I don't speak of the technical execution, which was what one expects of a performer of her capacity.

Otherwise, as restaged by the valuable Sergueff, this was an improvement on previous "Giselles" New York has seen, especially in the amplified action of Act I, including a fine *pas de deux* for Brian Shaw and Anne Heaton. Michael Somes was a sound Albrecht, and the music fared well under the direction of Hollingsworth. A stronger Myrtha than Rosemary Lindsay (in Act II) would have been welcome, and the action of the Willis, or sprites, could have been improved. One of these years the Sadler's Wells company will come back with a "Giselle" that leaves nothing to be desired. That, certainly, is one good reason to part with them temperately and regard the future as still promising something unfulfilled.

—Irving Kolodin.

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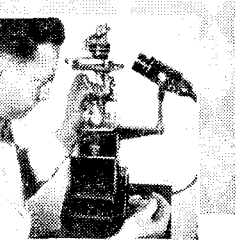

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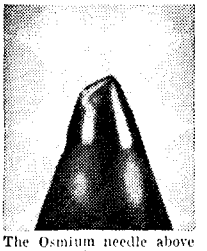

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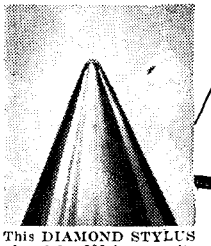

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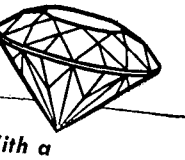

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THE MEDITERRANEAN

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If you are going,
Or wish you were going,
Or hope to go . . .

see the Mediterranean in

THE SATURDAY REVIEW **October 24th**

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Just Published

MANY of the books described below, which we do not have space to review in this issue, will be given more extended notice in early numbers.

THE BALLOON. By Henry Phelps Brown. St. Martin's Press. $3.50. A novel about a group of British Tommies and their experiences from January 1940 to the fall of Dunkirk.

BOSWELL ON THE GRAND TOUR: Germany and Switzerland, 1764. Edited by Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $5. The third volume of the Boswell Papers. Professor Pottle has here edited Boswell's journal covering a tour of Germany and Switzerland, undertaken at Papa's expense in 1764. Included are awed audiences with Voltaire and Rousseau.

THE CHANGING HUMANITIES. By David H. Stevens. Harper & Bros. $3.50. An essay dealing with the importance of the liberal arts in the training of our young—especially at a time when engineers are springing up about the country like weeds—by a former director of the Rockefeller Foundation.

THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA. Edited by the Columbia Encyclopedia Staff. The Viking Press. Regular index, $7.95. Thumb-index, $8.95. An abridgement of the Columbia Encyclopedia as it was revised up to April 1953, which is about one-third the size of the original. Much of the material has been completely rewritten and reworked.

CONQUEST OF THE MOON. Edited by Cornelius Ryan. The Viking Press. $4.50. A sequel to the editor's "Across the Space Frontier," in which Messrs. von Braun, Willy Ley, and Fred Whipple tell us how the first trip to the moon will actually be carried out—an event they feel should transpire in about twenty-five years.

DINNER WITH THE COMMENDATORE. By Mario Soldati. Translated by Gwin Morris. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50. Three long and related short stories as told by a retired Italian commendatore, or opera impresario, about a theatrical producer, a conductor, and a strange disappearance. The author is a well-known Italian movie director,

DREAMS OF GLORY. By William Steig. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95. A new collection of cartoons by Mr. Steig about child-life and how it is lived. There are eighty-eight in all, twenty-two of which have not been previously published.

THE FLYING YEARS. Edited by Lamont Buchanan. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $5. A pictorial history of man the bird from the first excursions of Icarus to the British jet liners which cross the Atlantic between lunch and tea.

THE FOUR LIVES OF MUNDY TOLLIVER. By Ben Lucien Burman. Julian Messner. $3.75. A novel dealing with the peregrinations of one Mundy Tolliver, a World War II veteran, who roams the various backwater areas of the South in search of a wife, a home, and a job, all of which he eventually finds.

GOOD LISTENING. By R. D. Darrell. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.75. A handbook for the layman on how to build a good record library.

GREENER FIELDS. By Alice Marriott. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.50. The reminiscences of an anthropologist-ethnologist who has worked widely with American Indians.

A HANDFUL OF BLACKBERRIES. By Ignazio Silone. Translated by Dorina Silone. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A new novel by the fine Italian writer ("Bread and Wine") about an engineer in postwar Italy who quits the Communist Party in disillusionment after many years' membership.

HELEN GOULD WAS MY MOTHER-IN-LAW. By Celeste Andrews Seton and Clark Andrews. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $4. A memoir about the eldest daughter of Jay Gould, who was a lover of the Bible, the rod, opera, the Romance languages, and money, by her daughter-in-law.

THE HIDDEN LAND. By Ursula Graham Bower. William Morrow & Co. $4. A continuation of the author's adventures in India ("Drums Behind the Hill," 1950), in which she and her husband, a British political officer, attempt to lay out a road through Northern India, but are stopped by natives and Indian independence.

A HISTORY OF FRANCE. By Lucien Romier. Translated by A. L. Rowse. St. Martin's Press. $6.50. After finding an abridged version of this work published posthumously in French Mr. A. L. Rowse, the noted English historian, translated it, got the rest of the manuscript from the author's widow, and added three chapters of his own, bringing it up to the present.

JUNGLE LORE. By Jim Corbett. Oxford University Press. $2.50. The author of "Man-Eaters of Kumaon" is still rummaging around in his bottomless bag of jungle lore, and here he comes up with a general account of how he learned to live in the Indian jungles. Photographs.

KANGAROO. By Henry Lamond. John Day Co. $3.50. A novel, set in the Australian bush country, which centers on a kangaroo trapper, and a kangaroo known as "Big Red."

KETTI SHALOM. By James Murdock. Random House. $3.50. A maelstromic novel about a British captain, a rabbi, and a Jewish girl, set in a prison camp near Haifa in the wobbly days of 1947.

LAND BIRDS OF AMERICA. Edited by Robert Cushman Murphy and Dean Amadon. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $12.50. A magnificent collection of 221 color photographs of practically every land bird known on the North American continent. There is commentary, and a chapter on how to photograph birds in color.

LEVEL SUNLIGHT. By Maurice Samuel. Alfred A. Knopf. $3. A survey of present-day conditions in Israel, by the author of "Prince of the Ghetto."

THE LIFE AND WORK OF SIGMUND FREUD. By Ernest M. Jones. Basic Books. $6.75. The first volume of a projected three-volume critical biography of the life and work of Freud. In this one we are taken from his birth in 1856 to 1900, years which covered his marriage, experiments with cocaine, and early work in self-analysis. Dr. Jones is the last living member of the "Committee of Eight" who worked closely with Freud.

LOOK WHO'S ABROAD NOW. By Earl Wilson. Doubleday & Co. $2.95. An account by the underwear columnist of *The New York Post* of a recent world tour taken by him and his Beautiful Wife.

MILTON CROSS'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE GREAT COMPOSERS AND THEIR MUSIC. By Milton Cross and David Ewen. Doubleday & Co. $5.95. A compendious musical dictionary that includes practically everything the average music lover would want to know about classical music and its practitioners from the days before Bach to the present.

MY SAN FRANCISCO. By Joseph Henry Jackson. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $1.50. A love letter to San Francisco, by one of its long-time residents and the literary editor of *The S. F. Chronicle.*

THE NEW PARTISAN READER: 1945-1953. Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6. A collection of short stories, poetry, and literary and political comment taken from the last eight years of the *Partisan Review,* including work by Auden, Lowell, Elizabeth Bishop, etc.

OUT OF THESE ROOTS. By Agnes E. Meyer. Little, Brown & Co. $4. The autobiography of a lady who has devoted her life to being a good citizen—in social work, education, minorities, immigration, and politics.

A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE AUTOMOBILE. Edited by Philip Van Doren Stern. The Viking Press. $7.50. A big collection of photographs and drawings, with running commentary—based largely on the files of *Motor Magazine*—covering the history of the automobile from the days of the land yachts in the last century to today's sports cars and chromium elephants.

A PLACE TO STAND. By Ann Bridge. Macmillan Co. $3.50. A novel set in the Balkans on the eve of the Second World War. Its heroine, an American girl, breaks loose from a stuffy oil-baron father, sees some of the seamier sides of things, and returns to her sweetheart and marriage a wiser girl.

SOPRANINO. By Patrick Ellam and Colin Mudie. W. W. Norton & Co. $3.75. The latest account of how to travel the oceans on a postage stamp. This one involves a trip in a nineteen-foot craft from England to New York via Spain, Africa, Barbados, the Virgin Islands, and the Inland Waterway made by the authors, who are, respectively, English and Scotch.

PROTESTANTISM IN AMERICA. By Jerald C. Brauer. Westminster Press. $3.50. A history of the Protestant Church in America from the days of Jamestown to the present.

THE RED GRANGE STORY. By Red Grange and Ira Morton. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4. The autobiography of football's greatest locomotive, who has been called, variously, the "Galloping Ghost," "The Wheaton Iceman," and "Old Number 77."

SPLENDID POSEUR. Joaquin Miller. By M. M. Marberry. Thomas Y. Crowell Co. $3.75. A biography of the largely forgotten American poet ("Columbus") and rascal who was the toast of two continents circa 1900.

TAHITI: VOYAGE THROUGH PARADISE. By George T. Eggleston. Devin-Adair. $6. An account, complete with maps, photographs, and an appendix of useful travel data, of a recent trip made through the Tahitian Archipelago by the author, who is an editor of *The Reader's Digest,* and his wife.

TELL THE TRUTH AND RUN. By George Seldes. Greenberg Publisher. $3.75. The autobiography of a journalist who has attempted in forty years of experience to equate the news with truth. Included are many glimpses of famous faces and places his work has brought him in contact with —Vincent Sheean, William Bullitt, Tito, Russia after the Revolution, etc.

THE THEATRE IN THE FIFTIES. By George Jean Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. A new collection of dramatic criticism on the contemporary theatre here and abroad by the Voltaire of Broadway.

THEATRE '53. Edited by John Chapman. Random House. $5. A collection of the texts of some of the best of last year's Broadway shows—"The Seven Year Itch," "Dial M for Murder," etc.—with exhaustive indices, short biographies of theatre folk, bibliography, and two essays, one by Chapman, who is drama critic of *The New York Daily News,* on the season as a whole, and one on theatre in the rest of the country by Barret Clark.

TIGERLAND AND SOUTH SEA. By Olle Strandberg. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3.75. A travelogue of meanderings the author recently made through India, Siam, Red China, Hawaii, Tahiti, and points south.

THE TIME OF THE GRINGO. By Elliott Arnold. Alfred A. Knopf. $4.50. Historical fiction set in New Mexico when that state was ruled by the Mexican tyrant Don Manuel Armijo.

THE TRAITOR AND THE SPY. By James T. Flexner. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $6. A biography of the sad life and the gay life, respectively, of Benedict Arnold and Major John André, the British spy.

A TREE IS A TREE. By King Vidor. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $4.50. The memoirs of one of the great motion-picture directors —"Peg o' My Heart," "The Crowd," "Parade," "Hallelujah"—covering his early days in Texas as a projectionist up through success and acquaintance with such as Garbo, Lillian Gish, Hearst, Marion Davies, Goldwyn, Chaplin, Laurette Taylor, etc.

THE TRUTH ABOUT BIG-TIME FOOTBALL. By Richard I. Miller. William Sloane Assoc. $4. A sounding of alarums and excursions about the collegiate football industry. Besides an overall picture, the author, who is director of physical education at the University of Illinois, offers several suggestions as to how collegiate football can be kept an amateur sport.

WHAT EUROPE THINKS OF AMERICA. Edited by James Burnham. The John Day Co. A collection of ten essays by representatives of various European nations on how America should comport itself as the new leader of the free world.

THE WHOLE MAN GOES TO WORK. By Henry L. Nunn. Harper & Bros. $3.50. The autobiography of one of the heads of the Nunn-Bush shoe company, which has been a consistent leader of enlightened labor practices.

THE YALTA BETRAYAL. By Felix Wittmer. Caxton Printers. Paperbound, $1.25. A polemic against the results of the Yalta Conference, written with a Peglerian vigor and detachment. —W. B.

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Atlantic Islands. Green cones standing out of the sparkling waters of the South Atlantic—these are the Azores and the Canaries. Tropical flowers, sandy beaches, and the charm of old Spain are combined here—with rents of about $20 a month, groceries for a couple at $10 a week and servants $5 a month each.

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Fiction

Continued from page 30

this world." The rest of the book tells of the drinkard's supernatural experiences during his wanderings on the way to Deads' Town and back.

Selden Rodman has compared the imagery and the fables of Tutuola to the paintings of Henri Rousseau, and this is a good comparison, for here are the same sense of wild innocence, the mystery peeping through the jungle, the vivid imagery, the surprising grace note, the energy, and the force.

Taken as a story "The Palm-Wine Drinkard" is a disconnected and not absorbing tale. The interest lies in the primitive play of language and the meanings that lie beneath such characters as a quarter-of-a-mile-long stranger with no head, feet, or hands but one large eye on his topmost; animals cold as ice and hairy as sandpaper who breathed hot steam and sounded like churchbells; the beautiful complete gentleman who returned the hired parts of his body to their owners, at the same time paying rentage, and soon reduced himself to a skull; the child born from a thumb that becomes so destructive it threatens its father; a mysterious all-providing Egg; and many other symbols.

In a book called "Black Hamlet" a psychiatrist attempted to analyze the dreams of an African native and found that the fantasies indicated the same kind of unconscious formations and problems (castration fears, Oedipal drives) observed in more civilized communities. He also discovered that the operations of the dream-work mechanism were not dissimilar from those of cultured Europeans. This, of course, might prove only that it was the same psychiatrist operating in both environments.

Freud himself, however, has made an important contribution to this thesis in his book "Moses and Monotheism," in which he offers a comparative study of the basic religious myths of widely separated cultures. Freud finds certain elements repeating themselves in instances where there have been no derivation or communication between the cultures, leading to the conclusion that certain patterns of myths or fantasies are formed everywhere because they reflect instinctive needs and fears of the species.

"The Palm-Wine Drinkard" as a true primitive furnishes dramatic proof of this point, for the numerous portions of this fable are a rag-bag of mythological elements recalling legends from the Greek, American Indian, Norse, Mayan, etc. Thus "The Palm-Wine Drinkard's" journey becomes for the reader a fantastic and evocative trip through the dream-jungles of the unconscious.

Amos Tutuola (right) and friend—"instinctive needs and fears."

Notes

OLD-FASHIONED REVIVAL: Not everyone will want to meet the picturesque Holy Rollers in Earl Hamner's unusual first novel, **"Fifty Roads to Town"** (Random House, $3.50), but those who make the trip with him to the Virginia mountain town of Edensville are not likely to forget it.

Hamner's touch is at once earthy and poetic. The result is that his strange people seem mentally unemancipated rather than retarded, childlike rather than psychopathic. You leave them thinking of human impoverishment of all kinds rather than making a note to check provincial hysteria in the latest book on psychiatry. You leave them, in short, with your sympathies, not just your curiosities, aroused.

The sleepy little town awakens with the coming of the Reverend Otha and his big canvas tent and his still bigger voice. Otha is a word-slinger, master of the "old-fashioned, sky-blue, angel-sought, devil-fought, rock-bottom, Bible-taught, no-holds barred Revival." He roars and purrs by turn, and in no time at all has the simple folk of Edensville indulging in religio-biological orgies, not least himself. Prayer and seduction (or even rape) await the women who stroll by his tent after services, and perhaps a harangue in keeping with his vision of himself as "the Returned Christ" destined to be followed by twelve female disciples.

Otha is central to the melodrama, of course, which finally involves murder, but not the only memorable person in this palpitant story. Fate Bibbs, Ossie and her frustrations, and her unfortunate husband, Hubey, will also lay claim to recall. Mr. Hamner has written a remarkable novel of terror, laughter, and tears.

—H. J. SHINN.

THE JUNGLE IN THE LAWN: Francis Rufus Bellamy's enjoyable novel, **"Atta"** (A. A. Wyn, $3), belongs to one of the unlikeliest genres of fiction imaginable. In recounting the adventures of Brokell, an ordinary human being who is suddenly reduced to Lilliputian dimensions, it takes the reader into the seething jungle that is Brokell's lawn, into the world of the ants. Here Brokell—a kind of latter-day Gulliver, with perhaps less astuteness and certainly less asperity than his model—engages in a lively series of deeds as exciting as anything Dumas ever imagined. He befriends Atta, a wounded "Formican" (as the ants are called), he is captured by red ants, escapes and returns with Atta to Fusa, the dictator-controlled capital

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of the black Formican civilization. Here, after a gladiatorial trial by combat with a wood spider, Brokell is made commander of Fusa's army, leads slave-hunting expeditions, and reduces many enemy towns. Finally disgusted with Caesarian exploits and carnage, he escapes Fusa, and regains his normal size, convinced that the human world offers infinitely more opportunity for the freedom and development of the individual. Although his Formicans are creatures whom Tacitus would probably recognize much more easily than would Buffon, Mr. Bellamy's odd tale is successfully entertaining throughout.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

A BEAUTY'S REVENGE: Elizabeth Taylor's fifth novel, **"The Sleeping Beauty"** (Viking, $3), is a highly entertaining demonstration of her novelistic gifts. An off-the-beaten-path love story set in England, it abounds in adroit characterizations, dexterous dialogue, and the sophisticated commentary of a mind that is feeling as well as fastidious.

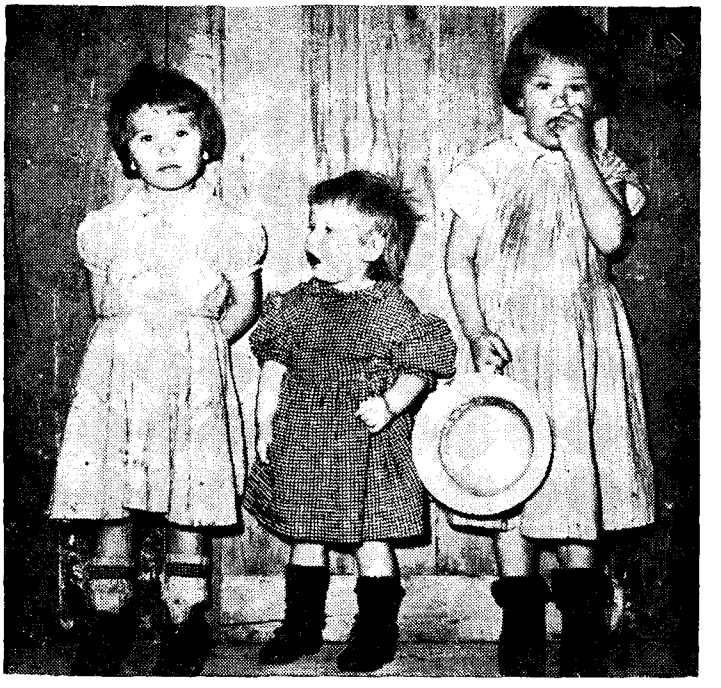
The lovers are Emily Otway, a flawless beauty living the life of a semi-recluse in her sister's inn, and Vinny Tumulty, a graying romantic who is in the neighborhood comforting his recently widowed friend, Isabella Godden.

Vinny's sudden infatuation for Emily meets with a host of obstacles. Among these are his own consciousness of age, his wary primness, his eccentric naturalist mother who wears lavender wool stockings and collects fungi and butterflies, Emily's possessive sister Rose, Emily's own long-cultivated apathy, and Isabella. Isabella is a frivolous minded woman given to a profound interest in clothes and race-horses, and she hopes that the gallant Vinny will propose to her so that she may enjoy the self-flattering pleasure of rejection. When he fails to perform appropriately she looks for the consolations of revenge, finding them in a form wholly unexpected, the knowledge that Vinny has long been secretly married to a woman who refuses to give him a divorce.

Unusual complications follow, of course, and Miss Taylor makes the most of them in a story that is sly, sometimes tragic, femininely subtle, and sparkling with wit.

—CHARLES LEE.

GENTEEL TALES: The occasions (or excuses) for compiling anthologies are legion. The newest to appear is a chunky (689 pages) volume, **"The Scribner Treasury"** (Scribners, $5). Subtitled "22 Classic Tales," it spans the half century of 1881-1931; and



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eleven of its tales were first printed in the now defunct magazine though all were issued in books with the imprint of that still flourishing firm. Their interest lies not so much in their connection with a publishing house as in their display of what people read at the turn of the century. Most of these "classics" represent what might be called antimacassar culture, reflecting the complacent gentility which dominated cultivated taste until the literary explosions (and tubular furniture) that followed World War I. A few of the stories are classics in the truer sense of transcending their time —among them Galsworthy's "The Apple Tree" (1917) and Edith Wharton's "Madame de Treymes" (1906). These two are in the genteel tradition, to be sure, but their power comes from a sincere questioning and a finished craftsmanship. High life in the pre-World-War era may seem to us concerned with protocols and hypersensitivities; perhaps for this reason it took such fine craftsmen to bring it to life.

Brief introductions are provided by J. G. E. Hopkins, who presumably made the selections. They are well done, bright, and stimulating. If he had chosen stories by some other *Scribner's Magazine* contributors—who include Stevenson, Kipling, Stephen Crane—the volume would have more value. As it stands most of the treasury can be assayed as dross; its only gleam comes from its quiet period feeling. —ROBERT HALSBAND.

COOL CHARACTERS: In **"The Crown Princess"** (Viking, $2.75) Brigid Brophy presents a collection of six short stories that are worthy of the restrained accolade they have prompted from critics in London. The title story is a surprisingly bitter account of royalty; Miss Brophy believes that the bland role that constant publicity forces on such august personages leaves them total nonentities. Her approval of Midlands magnate Harry Shuttlefold in the story called "The Financial World" is reminiscent of Shaw's paean to Undershaft in "Major Barbara." Perhaps it is overly censorius—considering the sustained excellence of her workmanship—to mention Miss Brophy's deficiencies. And yet she seems to point them out herself. In one of the stories a young woman says of her own writing: "What I lacked was a criterion not of literature but of life, love, and death." Miss Brophy's style is elegant, her perceptions accurate; but the heat of the blood in her characters' veins falls just short of normal. The development of her criteria of "life, love, and death" should be well worth waiting for. —N. M.

American Business

Continued from page 34

citizen of the United States and that its license to do business is issued by "we, the people." It seeks to discharge that somewhat intangible responsibility as aggressively as it seeks to make better petroleum products. Under the influence of such men as Wallace Pratt, Frank Abrams, and Gene Holman, this once suspect corporation has helped set a pattern which has, to a very considerable extent, changed the feeling of scores of other American businessmen about the responsiblities their corporations must assume if they are to be entitled to the accolade "good corporate citizen."

All of this is not to say that the millennium has dawned or that predatory practices no longer exist in American business. There still exist outright buccaneers, men who will steal anything that isn't tied down. There still exist the "public be damned" group. There are many who pay lip service to the new code of public-spirited conduct and at the same time seek ways to violate that code. But even these people now feel that it is important to them to try to assume a sanctified air of righteousness—indicating they know not only that the great masses of the people disapprove but, more important to them, that a growing number of important businessmen disapprove. The lion probably always knew that the lamb disapproved of being eaten—and was unperturbed. Now the lion knows that other lions—and some very powerful ones — disapprove. That makes a great difference.

Even more important, the change has come over the biggest lions. If Joe Blow of Keokuk said he thought American business had a stake in better education; that he didn't mean that the educational formula was to be dictated by businessmen but there was to be academic freedom as presently practised at Williams, Harvard, and Amherst, for example; that this stake implied an obligation to contribute money to the general training of future citizens as well as the training of technicians for Joe Blow's industry—that viewpoint might be dismissed as the dreaming of an unsuccessful visionary. When Frank Abrams, chairman of the board of America's largest corporation, says that it's news of front-page importance.

It is one little bit of the story of this change in the viewpoint of American businessmen that "America: Miracle at Work" seeks to tell. The idea for the book came from an attempt on the part of *The Saturday Review* to draw attention to, and provide some public recognition for, those corporations which sought in their advertising to do more than just sell their product. An awards committee was established to select outstanding instances of where an advertising campaign went beyond its usually accepted function and attempted in one way or another to make a stronger or a better or a more conscious and alert America. After the awards were made a number of the people who had had a hand in devising the advertising campaigns were asked to collaborate in the preparation of this book.

IT WOULD be foolish for anyone to assume that any business group is conducting its advertising campaigns purely for the sake of the public interest, and this book does not try to give that impression. "America: Miracle at Work" gives expression to the modern business idea that "what is good for the country as a whole is also good for my company," or that, as the publishers explain, "advertising in the public interest is also in the best private interest."

To quote but one example from the prizewinning campaigns: that of a large insurance company which seeks in its advertising to prolong human life and eliminate as much as possible of human suffering, how to detect, and what to do about cancer, diabetes, heart trouble, etc. To be sure, it is in the interest of insurance companies to prolong life; but it's in the interest of the public too. That it is effective is proven by the fact that I don't even need to mention the name of the company for you to identify it.

The book will have its critics. There will be those who feel that the most exciting part of it begins on page 105, where representative selections from the actual advertising campaigns are shown. There will be those who feel that some of the chapters are written more for the advertising technician than for anyone else. There will be some who think they detect a note of smugness in some of the paragraphs.

But to some critics of business, like myself, who have watched the thinking of American business change over the past thirty years—change to the point where at least our leading businessmen no longer feel they have done a good job unless the record includes, in addition to an unbroken dividend schedule, the acceptance of a new concept: that corporations have an obligation to be just plain good citizens of these United States—for these, the book is a rewarding one.

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Americana

Continued from page 33

ings constant, even as the Shakers themselves dwindled away.

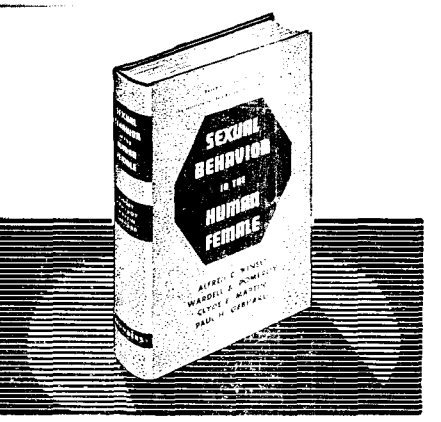
Now at last this mass of material, printed and manuscript, has been thoroughly digested, criticized, and organized into a balanced and objective narrative by Edward Deming Andrews. His book, "The People Called Shakers," satisfies the exacting standards of historical scholarship and promises at the same time to enlighten and hold the interest of the general reader. The book is the culmination of thirty years of sympathetic observation and almost as many of detailed research.

Dr. Andrews brings to the book not only unparalleled knowledge, but also a rare balance of mind. The Shakers were a religious sect and their characteristic forms of craftsmanship and social organization flowed from their piety. The author never forgets this, as so many writers do, and he analyzes, without ridicule and yet without strained apology, the mystical theology and the extravagant ritual of the sect. His previous studies enable him to give proper attention to Shaker industries and arts without making these either the central theme or a mere afterthought. And by an abundance of quotations he demonstrates his thorough knowledge of the original written sources.

Above all, Dr. Andrews reveals his understanding and his literary skill by his economy of word. His knowledge entitled him to compile an encyclopedia, but he has wisely

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "The Time Machine" (Herbert George Wells). 2. "Alice Adams" (Booth Tarkington). 3. "Pride and Prejudice" (Jane Austen). 4. "Roderick Random" (Tobias Smollett). 5. "Wuthering Heights" (Emily Brontë). 6. "The Forsythe Saga" (John Galsworthy). 7. "Gone With the Wind" (Margaret Mitchell). 8. "Clayhanger" (Arnold Bennett). 9. "Anthony Adverse" (Hervey Allen). 10. "A Study in Scarlet" (A. Conan Doyle). 11. "The Three Musketeers" (Alexander Dumas). 12. "The Moonstone" (Wilkie Collins). 13. "Sanctuary" (William Faulkner). 14. "Look Homeward, Angel" (Thomas Wolfe). 15. "The Sun Also Rises" (Ernest Hemingway). 16. "The Magic Mountain" (Thomas Mann). 17. "The Prince and the Pauper" (Mark Twain). 18. "Daisy Miller" (Henry James). 19. "A Pair of Blue Eyes" (Thomas Hardy). 20. "An American Tragedy" (Theodore Dreiser).



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chosen to write a *book* instead. One feels that every episode or quotation has been carefully weighed in terms of its contribution. The strangeness as well as the homeliness of Shaker life are in the book, but nothing is introduced for the sake of picturesqueness. The Shakers forbade the production or use of "articles which are superfluously finished, trimmed or ornamented." Their historian has followed their admirable rule.

One flaw in the documentation must be noted with regret. The numerous quotations from contemporary sources are not identified by specific references, but only in a general list of works "that were found most helpful." One must even turn to another of Dr. Andrews's books to discover that the source of the "Millennial Laws" of 1845, which he prints for the first time in a valuable appendix, is a manuscript in his own collection.

—*James Abresch.*

Helen Worden Erskine—"ingrown souls."

Some Like It Solitary

"Out of This World," by Helen Worden Erskine *(G. P. Putnam's Sons. 300 pp. $3.75), is a collection of stories about wealthy eccentrics who demanded and found solitude in the middle of Manhattan. Our reviewer, Stanley Walker, was at one time city editor of the* New York Herald Tribune, *but of late has found solitude of a sort at Lampasas, Texas.*

By Stanley Walker

OCCASIONALLY, over many years, the pages of the *New York World-Telegram* would be enlivened by curiously fascinating feature articles about recluses, written by Miss Helen Worden (now the widow of John Erskine, the writer and teacher), a handsome, bright-eyed journalist of much charm and astonishing pertinacity. A hermit might successfully hide from the world, but he, or she, had to be remarkably clever and unbending to hide long from the persistent and eternally snooping Miss Worden.

In a volume called "Out of This World" Mrs. Erskine has brought together a fancy gallery of persons of varying backgrounds who, for whatever real or unfathomable reason, wanted to withdraw from the vulgar, pointless, or nervewracking activities of the rest of the so-called human race. Mrs. Erskine writes of them casually, though with considerable detail, and through her accounts there runs a thread of what seems almost affection—affection, and certainly a desire to understand, though understanding fully is in many cases impossible. The dark ways of the true hermit are often quite incomprehensible to ordinary persons.

It would be a mistake to assume that the most pronounced recluses, or hermits, or whatever one wants to call them, live in caves or in poor huts in some remote wood. Some do, of course, for the yen to get away from it all runs deep in the hearts of men and women of many sorts. But it is in New York, where massed humanity has finally produced its masterpiece of almost complete bedlam, senselessness, and mingled beauty and filth, that the more attractive and better-heeled hermits dwell.

That old mansion, apparently deserted, about which the neighbors tell strange tales; that ancient brownstone with the shutters closed and the doorbell disconnected or pulled out—these and similar spots were often enough to set Mrs. Erskine off on one of her hunts. It was she who first discovered the lonely Collyer brothers, Homer and Langley, living among their hills of accumulated junk in their home in Harlem. She tracked down the rich and untidy Mary Bullock Powers in her hideout in the Hotel Seymour on West Forty-fifth Street. She got the story of the eerie Romeros, mother and daughter, Cubans, who lived in a rundown hotel on Forty-seventh Street. She roamed the house of Miss Emily Thorn on West Sixteenth Street, who refused for more than thirty years to allow a dinner table with half-filled plates to be touched. She worked patiently on the story of poor old Ella Wendel, her mansion and her sole companion, the famous poodle, Toby. She even found some hermits in her native state of Colorado, and she journeyed far to learn of the English hermit Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope.

A few of the better items in this collection are not, strictly speaking, about hermits, but they are close enough. All sought, more or less, to withdraw from life. One of the better portraits is of Mrs. Matthew Astor Wilks, the daughter of Hetty Green. She was eccentric, all right, but she got around a good deal, and she took excellent care of her property—she left, in fact, a little more than $90,000,000, and, unlike most hermits, bequeathed it to an uncommonly long list of charities.

There is also the story of the gentle, aristocratic, fine-looking A. Van Horne Stuyvesant, who died only recently, the last in the direct line from doughty Peter Stuyvesant. Mr. Stuyvesant, once a member of many clubs, gradually withdrew from everything except the Episcopal Church. Mrs. Erskine spotted him one day in the churchyard of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie and had a pleasant chat with him. In his last years, according to reliable testimony, this last of the Stuyvesants passed much of his time upstairs in his upper East Side mansion, sitting before a picture of Franklin D. Roosevelt and cursing. Well, why not? To him Roosevelt was trying to destroy his property and his way of life.

In attempting to explain some of her withdrawn and ingrown souls Mrs. Erskine sometimes relies upon a psychiatrist friend of hers, whose verdicts make good reading. Family troubles and feuds, often with a domineering mother in the background, are often responsible. Many of the subjects are mentally unusually bright, though sometimes sexually weak.

Many seem to like money, or junk, for its own sake. Though rich, they will starve themselves and wear the shabbiest and oldest clothes. Many are by no means fanatical about taking baths. And, oddly, many of them will be found to be gentle, shy, wistful, and courteous. As Mrs. Erskine generously and rightly remarks, there is a little bit of the hermit in all of us, so that the urge comes to say, in the immortal words of Mr. Goldwyn, "Include me out."

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Continued from page 20

the tone is one of cold and elegant detachment. The style, which harmonizes with the author's approach, is lucid and polished.

The essence of Mr. Carr's interpretation is that Soviet-non-Soviet relations constituted a struggle for power which by 1921 had already resumed in the main the pre-revolutionary pattern. True, the Soviets had a new weapon in "world revolution," but it did not remain very important after the failure of the Polish war in the summer of 1920. There seems to be some contradiction in Mr. Carr's treatment of revolution in Soviet foreign policy. At times he views it as the offensive weapon of response to weakness in the non-Soviet world, and more often as a measure of defense by a "desperate" regime against an external threat. Rather typical of Carr's position is his statement about Soviet Asiatic policy: "What was significant in all this was not the extension of . . . revolution but the succession of Soviet Russia to the traditional Russian role as Britain's chief rival in Asia."

The greatest value of the book is that it clearly presents a vast mass of material of the utmost significance. No student of modern history, international relations, or Soviet affairs, and no intelligent spectator of our contemporary scene can afford to ignore this work. Mr. Carr has ranged far and wide, from the Baltics to Tannu-Tuva and Kamchatka.

This is an informative, stimulating, and enlightening book. It is also challenging and controversial. I would have been grateful if the author had at least to some degree modified his narrative form of presentation in favor of a deeper and sharper analytical framework. There are ambiguities in this book which one must guard against and which make it sometimes difficult reading. True, such is the stuff of history, but one might wish for a more vigorous analysis of the situations, the actors, and their roles in the great historical drama.

Notes

HOW TO OVERTHROW COMMUNISM: Those students of Russian history who've been sitting at the edge of their seats these many years, awaiting the publication of a really unique psychological interpretation of that mysterious thing called the "Russian

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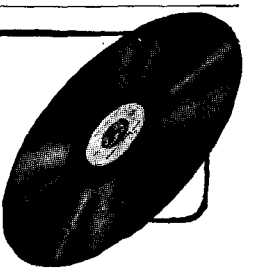

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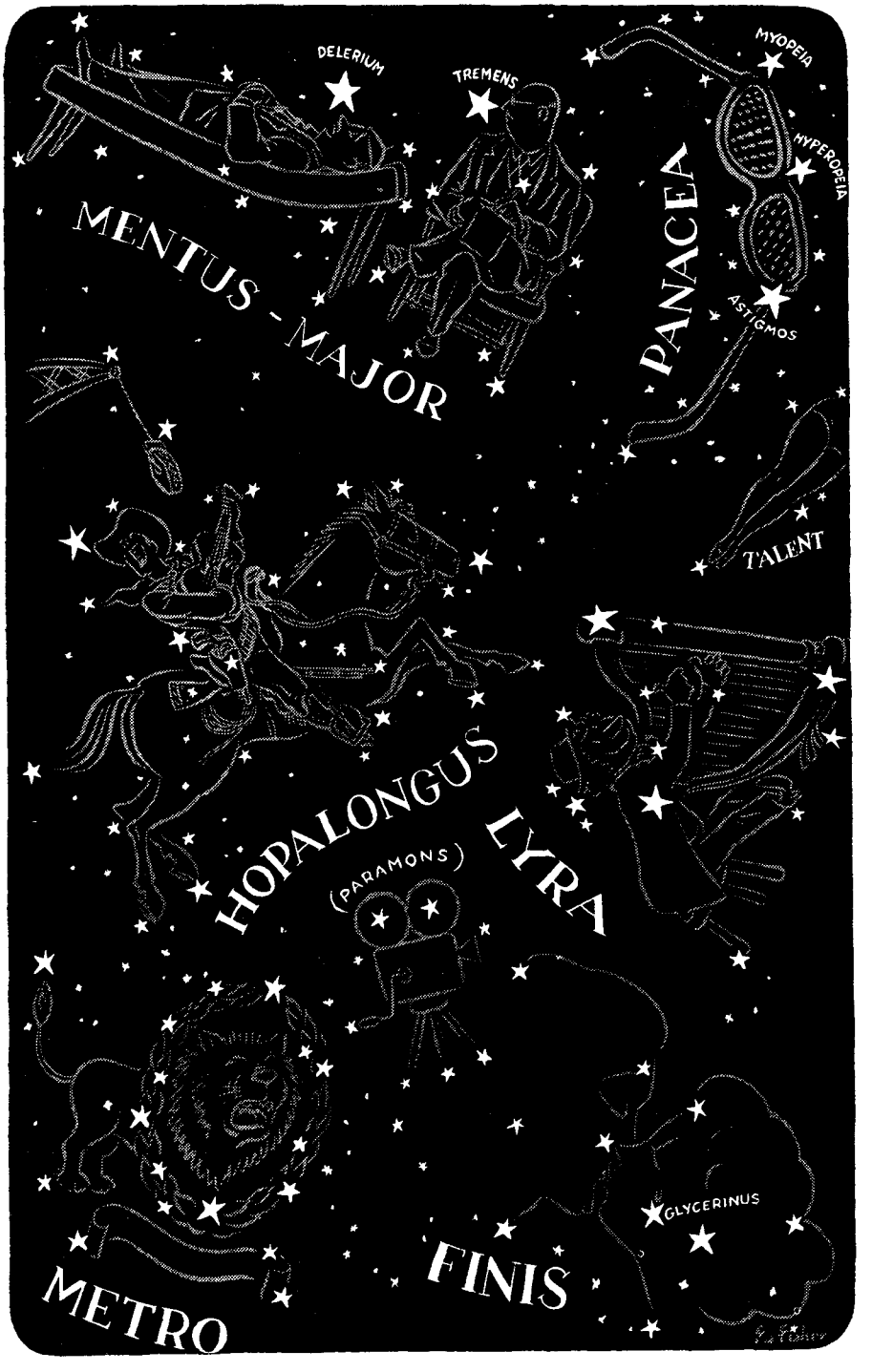

soul," can now sit back. Dinko Tomasic of Indiana University has produced just that in his **"The Impact of Russian Culture on Soviet Communism"** (Free Press, $4.50)—a unique, all right, but shallow psychological study of Russian culture which, unfortunately, seems to be based more on sources like, say, Polevoy's "Russian Fairy Tales" or Hodgetts's "Tales and Legends from the Land of the Tsar" than Kliuchevsky's solid five-volume "Course of Russian History."

Mr. Tomasic's theory goes something like this: the key to the Russian "soul" (which, it is implied, is actually the key to all of Russian history) is to be found in the atmosphere of the Russian family. There two distinct cultures have unhappily merged: one is the "power-oriented," fear-provoking, "patriarchal" culture of the "Turco-Mongol steppe dweller"; the other, the "group-oriented," "anarchic," "matriarchal" culture of the "Old Slavonic soil cultivator." The former culture is dominant, says Mr. Tomasic. Now, in this enviroment, it's natural for feelings of frustration and "destructive aggression" to be nurtured. Under Communism, in fact, these feelings have been developing at a better than pre-revolutionary clip. (The Russians, apparently, *are* human and can keep just so much pent-up frustration in them without blowing up at times.) Out of this hypothesis Mr. Tomasic extracts a happy little message for the Western world: keep up the external pressure (never defined), and another "mass revolt" (*i.e.*, the overthrow of Communism) is just around the corner. It's that simple. —MARVIN L. KALB.

LIFE WITH THE NORTH KOREANS: Philip Deane went to Korea as a correspondent for the London *Observer* in July 1950. Some of the most moving and disturbing passages in **"I Was a Captive in Korea"** (Norton, $3.50) describe the disastrous early days of our "police action," which Deane observed by the simple process of getting up to the front line and staying there.

He took a hand in the fighting, and was wounded and captured less than two weeks after he had arrived. The story of his long captivity is intensely interesting—if that is the word for so harrowing a narrative—especially because Deane is somehow able to view his experiences with civilized detachment. His description of the crude Korean attempts to "indoctrinate" the intellectually sophisticated journalists and diplomats is wryly amusing. The Europeans were better versed in dialectical materialism than their would-be indoctrinators, and confused them with obscure quotations from Marx, Lenin, and Stalin. Those POW's who succumbed to indoctrination, Deane concludes, did so because of an ideological vacuum. "The non-Communists case had never been put as impressively to these converts—if it had been put at all."

In the winter of 1950, when Molotov trucks were bringing propaganda literature instead of drugs to sick POW's, a dying naval flier told Philip Deane: "You must not let yourself die. Let them know back home. . . . You've got to get out, Deane, and tell the story." In spite of wounds, fever, malnutrition, and incredible mistreatment, Deane survived two years and nine months as a prisoner of the North Koreans, and emerged with his

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sanity and his sense of humor intact. Sewn into pads strapped to his legs were the notes for the unique story he tells in "I Was a Captive in Korea." —MARTIN LEVIN.

FROM PENAL COLONY TO COMMONWEALTH: Australia has had a short but extraordinarily dramatic history. The first convicts were landed in 1788, and for decades after that the country suffered from the play of unbridled passions. By establishing penal colonies on the uncharted continent Great Britain abandoned the land to its most depraved citizens, both convicts and detested overseers. High-minded governors fought for the rights of convicts who had gone straight, but were usually thwarted by the rum-drinking soldiers of the Empire who sought to perpetuate their life of violence and profit. Class distinctions were rigid until the squatters and gold-diggers of the nineteenth century established a new and egalitarian society. Democracy and independence were won in 1901, and both have been zealously guarded ever since by a people that take neither for granted.

Kylie Tennant, a young and successful Australian novelist, has written a swift and dramatic narrative of her country's history, complete with one footnote and one inadequate map. **"Australia, Her Story"** (St. Martin's Press, $3.50) is an excellent example of popular history, an art which nowadays is too often neglected in favor of specialized treatises or historical novels which mistake life for lust.

—FRITZ STERN.

OUR NEIGHBOR TO THE NORTH: Professor J. M. S. Careless, assistant professor of history at the University of Toronto, has written a useful history of Canada as part of the British Commonwealth Series: **"Canada, A Story of Challenge"** (Cambridge University Press, $3.50). Mr. Careless has ploughed no new ground, but he does provide a short, satisfactory account of the growth of Canada which will serve the needs of those who want to know something about the country and who have had no previous introduction to the surging nation to the north.

As Canada continues to make a deeper impression on the world more and more readers will want to know the background of the solid nation that elects a Liberal Government that is conservative; that defeats a Conservative party that is conservative, and has a conservative Socialist party in office in one province and a conservative Social Credit party in office in two others.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

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October in Portugal

LISBON.

IF YOU'RE looking for some place different, here in Portugal people go to the night spots to have a good cry. You will have to admit, that is pretty different.

The great popular pastime, along with catching sardines and swilling coffee, is a musical melancholia known as the fado. A fado is a very sad song sung by a very sad lady who is accompanied on the guitar by a melancholy tune. People stay up half the night having the sobs, and I can't quite figure whether it is because they want a good cry or whether they have spent the whole day drinking coffee and aren't sleepy.

You can walk through the streets of Lisbon at three in the morning and see crowds of people hanging around in front of the fado houses and also strolling the avenues. An itinerant foreigner explained the crowds to me by saying that it simply wasn't their turn to sleep yet, but this was undoubtedly the observation of a cynic and not to be taken as a social explanation. Television hasn't arrived in Portugal, and the movies are in English or Italian since the cinema companies apparently don't find it profitable to dub the mouthings of Martin and Lewis and other U.S. exports into Portuguese.

That leaves the fado, which is in Portuguese. A fado singer must have the voice of a lady who smokes four packs of cigarettes a day. She must wear a black shawl while singing, and it is better if she looks as if she had just gotten over pneumonia. When the lights are dimmed the guitars start to play and the fadist sings of how things are rather blue at her house since her son broke his leg stealing third base and her husband has been dallying with a girl at the office.

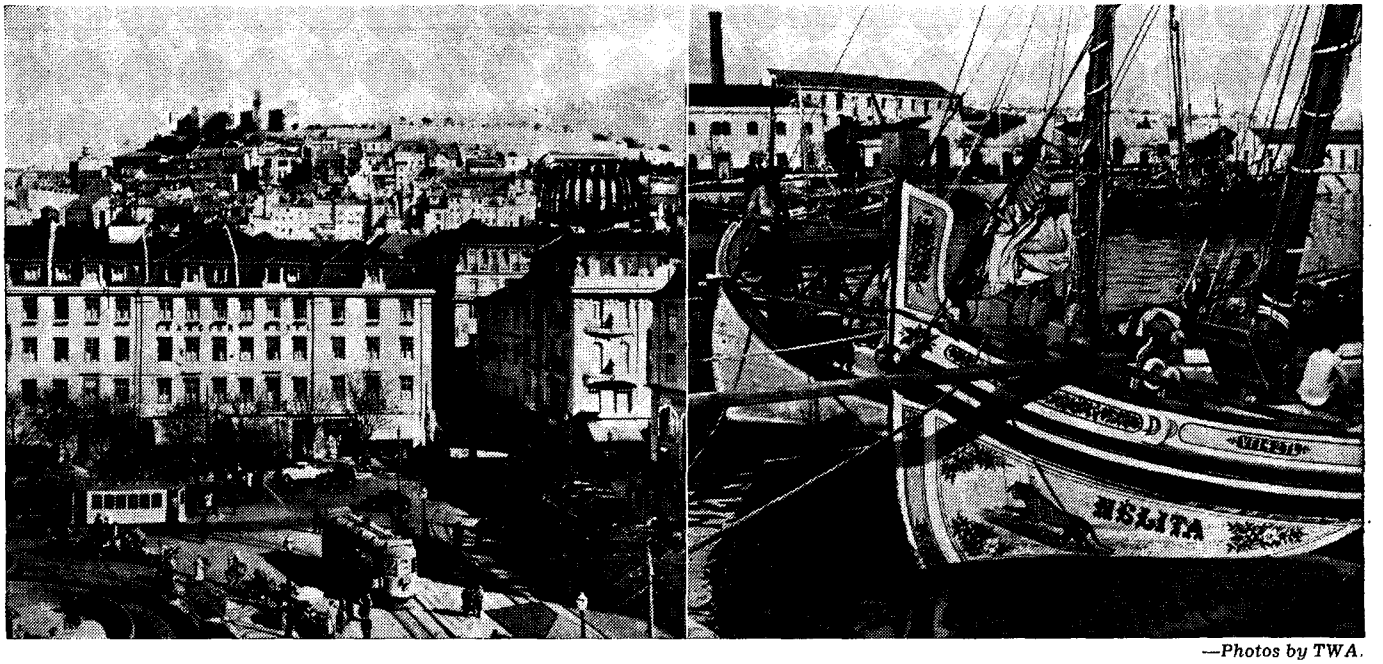
I made the fado rounds the other night, and if there is one thing I would rather hear no more about it is somebody's troubles. We dropped into the Restaurant Tipico on the Praça de Algeria, which is a place decorated with the heads of bulls and lighted by green bulbs. A very sad lady named Marcia Condessa sang about a girl named Severa who had a very tough time, and then another about a girl called Colette Encarnado, which means red dress. You would be surprised the trouble a red dress can bring some people. Later we went to Adega Machado, where the fadist sings "April in Portugal," which was a fado song long before it arrived on the American hit parade with lyrics in English and a happier aspect. There are some purist fadophiles who insist that Machado's has grown fat and touristy, but I found none of that. The fan in the ceiling spins slowly, the candles on the tables drip, the smoky voice of the fadist rumbles through the wine-filled air, and the unrelenting beat of the accompanist on the back of the guitar is enough to boil the blood of a pernicious anemic.

Romance is really the only thing that should increase the blood pressure in Portugal. If anyone feels the count mounting due to other causes he has merely to retire to the nearest coffee shop and wait for the feeling to go away. Coffee houses are spaced like drugstores at home, but they are much more relaxing. You can write a book, do your homework, contemplate your destiny, or indulge in almost any effortless indoor sport save flirting, since coffee houses are seldom invaded by women.

If you are a politician (progressive) you drink at the Brazileira do Rocio. If you are a politician (conservative) you'll be at home at the Martinho. If you have a literary bent try the Brazileira do Chiado. If you like your coffee with milk you order a *garoto*, which is to say, a "young boy." A *carioca* is coffee with hot water. A *bica* is coffee in a cup, and just plain *cafe* means you will get it in a glass. If you like a second cup order a *galão* in the first place. It means "gallon," although what you will get will be a large glass of coffee with milk added.

Coffee will be about four cents a cup except maybe at Luso, which is a coffee house that also features fado singing. Amalia, the prima fadist of Portugal, used to sing at Luso, but she was so good they brought her to New York and installed her in a night club called La Vie en Rose. Coffee runs to more than four cents a cup at La Vie en Rose too.

In Lisbon, where the cab meters



—*Photos by TWA.*

The Castle of St. George rising behind Lisbon's Rua de Santa Justa; a *fragrata* in port.

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drop at seven cents U.S., money is not exactly a primary concern. The local currency is the escudo, a word you must pronounce as if you were trying to say "scooter" while swizzled. It should come out "shkoota." Anyway, an escudo is worth three-and-a-half cents American, and two of them will, as I say, get you a short cab ride, and a dollar's worth will be enough for a rather ample meal almost anywhere in town. I had better mention that the Portuguese are in the habit of using the dollar sign to indicate the escudo, a habit which has been giving palpitations to Americans who take one hasty look at a check and collapse on the floor. If the dollar sign follows the figure the sum is escudos not dollars. Thus a hotel which advertises a room for 60$ is charging $2.10 in U. S. currency.

We managed to toss away a fast 100$ or so on dinner for three at a place called A Quinta, which means farm or estate. The farm was perched on the top of a five-story tower built by M. Eiffel in 1902 as practice before undertaking the other job in Paris. Nearly fifty years later one Fred Wulff, once of Moscow, decorated the top of the tower with an excellent restaurant serving codfish à la Benedictine, sole farci, and steak and kidney pie, the last in deference to the British trade.

ANYBODY coming to Lisbon between spring and fall ought to look in at the Feira Popular, which is supposed to be an amusement park but actually has more restaurants than amusements. It may be that the proportion is perfectly valid in Portugal, where eating is considered more fun than almost anything else. In between the roller coaster that shoots through the water and the local version of the tunnel of love there are dozens of booths where chickens turn slowly over glowing charcoal embers and others where giant sardines are grilled to a pungent crisp. At a branch of the famous steak house with the rather emphatic name of O Lacerda! I had a steak dinner with French-fried potatoes for sixty cents, although a bottle of water ran the price up another quarter. A large glass of fruit juice made from pulverized grapes is a nickel and a whale-sized sardine off the charcoal grill is exactly a cent and a half. For dessert you may stop at a stand that sells *farturas*, a long rope of dough which is coiled and dropped into deep fat, then sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon. Anyone emboldened by food or drink can climb into the Feira's most popular attraction, the amateur bull ring, bearing in mind that in Portugal, unlike Spain, one does not kill the bull. One suspects that the bull has never been inculcated with the same refinements.

Since a good deal of the national life centers about the sardine, it seems quite fitting that one of the most exciting places to be on a Lisbon morning is the Santos dock, where the sardine boats come in. The sails are down, but the wooden hulls slip swiftly along the edge of the wharves. Sailors stand in the bow to throw a line, and kids run apace with the ship. When the lines are fast a bucket brigade is organized, the sardines being thrown in small baskets from ship to wharf. Barefoot ladies give the fish a bath of rock salt and others pack them in wooden crates. Fishwives who sell at retail come down to fill their flat straw baskets, which they carry on their heads.

Fishermen carry baskets of sardines hung on yokes, and young boys skitter all over filching sardines one by one. When one of these apprentices has stolen enough sardines he may go into business for himself on the handiest street corner. Guarding sardines is also a chore of the young, and I watched a girl of ten box a young man of similar years about the head with a tin can for making suspicious moves in the direction of the family fish lode.

Farther along the wharves things are cleaner and quieter where the colorful *fragatas* are tied up. A *fragata* is a ship which plies the Tagus River. It has a slanted mast, a curved bow, and most of them are decorated with colorful legends, like the donkey carts of Sicily. When we inquired about the frescoes on the bulkhead of one *fragata* the crew invited us down the iron ladder for a closer look. Then they insisted we sit down with them for grilled sardine sandwiches, which they cooked over a charcoal brazier and served on brown bread. We sent out for a bottle of wine and settled down to a party at 11:30 in the morning. Two days before I sat and ate sardines on the deck of a *fragata* in the Tagus I had been sitting at my desk in New York eating my nails. Things are a good deal more relaxing in Portugal, and TWA has you there in what amounts to an overnight ride. You leave at 9:30 in the evening and fly without a stop to the Azores. From there it is hardly more than two hours by Constellation to Lisbon.

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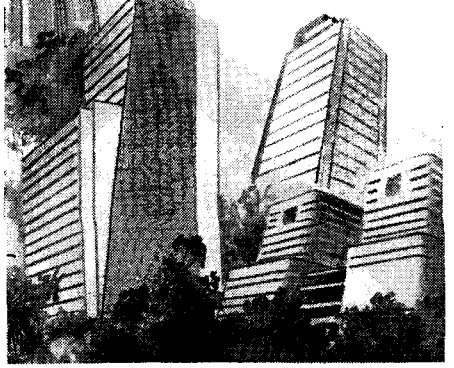

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single room is as low as $5 for the night, but if you are well heeled, I mean up to the point of $26 a day, then take the Don João suite. It has a bath with ample room to stage the Dublin horse show, all done in lavender plumbing, with wood nymphs running about the walls in gilded mosaics. It is two lavender steps up to the lavender tub.

On the other hand, the earthy air of Lisbon steams like smoke out of a manhole from the section known as the Alfama, a name heavy with intonations of the Moors. The alleys are hardly wide enough for two men to pass shoulder to shoulder, and on the walls above a mass of blue flower pots are suspended, looking upward to steal the fragments of sunlight before they fall into the charcoal gray of the streets. On the last two weeks of June the Alfama bursts into a fortnight of festival in honor of St. Anthony, St. John, and St. Peter. There is dancing in the streets, no sleep in the beds, many flowers on the windows. Between times there is just the outsized palm tree crowding the square, the blue pots, and the long lines of wash that hang between them.

For those who would cart home a remembrance of the land the Casa Regional on the Rua da Misericordia has collected some entrancing items,

among them bright blankets from the plains of Alentejo at $12, some carpets and hand-embroidered bags in an uncontrolled assortment of colors from Minho, north on the Spanish border. Portugal produces a considerable quantity of cork, and the Casa das Cortiças on the Escola Politécnica can offer you a cork anything, from beehive to calling card. It is run by one A. Gama Reis, who likes to go under the alias of Mr. Cork. You may be able to forgive Mr. Cork his American promotional flair, but, let's face it, the price for having one's calling cards printed on cork is rather fancy no matter where you put the dollar sign. —HORACE SUTTON.

Traveler's Tale

BUSINESSMAN'S BAEDEKER: A tremendous encyclopedia of fact has been amassed in this latest addition of **"The South American Handbook"** (H. W. Wilson, $2). Although one would suspect a certain geographical limitation from the title, in truth the book roams far afield, even encompassing all sorts of ports that might be taken in en route to South America. These include Lisbon and Oporto in Portugal and Santander in Spain, the Canary Islands, the Azores, Madeira, and even Bermuda. The West Indian islands are covered too, and not always too faithfully. The rates for hotels in Barbados listed variously at $20 and $24 surely must refer to British West Indian dollars, whereas rates in Trinidad seem to have been already translated into American dollars. No clarification is given. After seventy-five pages of preparation the book finally arrives in South America, where the treatment tends to be fuller than in the ports of call covered on the way. All manner of information is listed, from taxi fares to import duties, slanted rather more for the commercial traveler than the tourist. There seems a better coverage of water transport than air, and the coverage is frequently uneven, sometimes listing restaurants, sometimes giving hotel rates, and sometimes just hotel names. Central America is thrown in for the same price, and businessmen are advised, for example, that English is spoken freely on the north coast of Honduras, but that correspondence ought to be in Spanish. A formidable number of advertisements help make the price of this 700-page work more than fair.

—H. A. S.

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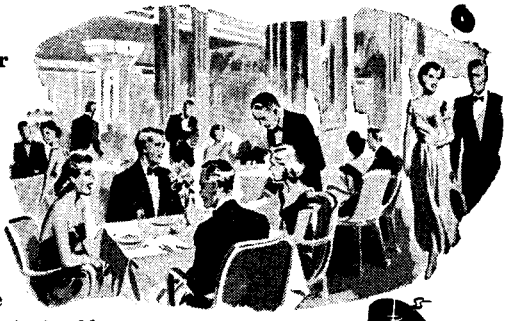

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Continued from page 23

Nelson case involved more than the mere fact that Steve Nelson belonged to the Communist Party, but Werner Dietrich headed me off, saying in English that it was better not to get into political controversy. I think Emil Horst got the sense of what Dietrich was saying because he smiled, then said that he had no argument with the American people; it was only the Government that was doing bad things.

Such as?

"Such as setting German against German. Such as trying to make Germans think that the Soviet seeks to enslave them instead of liberate them. Or to trick them through the food packages."

He spoke evenly, without rancor or even argumentativeness in his voice. There was no doubt in my mind that he believed what he said. And he listened carefully when I tried to answer him point by point. I tried to avoid saying anything that I felt could not be documented, then told him I would be glad to send the documentary material.

Werner squirmed uncomfortably, then said in English that the easiest way to get this fellow into serious trouble would be to send him any material; it would almost automatically be branded as propaganda.

IF I hadn't felt an unbridgeable gulf before I felt it then. For a moment, earlier, I had felt confidence in the sheer fact of proximity. I had thought that a face-to-face meeting could at least serve as the means for a full exchange of ideas. Yet what separated us and placed us in two different worlds was the result of much more than distance or the inability—or ability—to sit around the same table and talk to each other. What separated us was the fact that there were boundary lines in our conversation and in our relationship that would make it impossible to pursue a fact or to forge successive links in a chain of persuasion.

To the extent that any real understanding is dependent upon continuing lines of communication or the ability of either party to buttress his argument, we had reached a dead end.

If Emil Horst sensed this feeling of a sealed-in futility he showed no signs of it. He didn't acknowledge my offer to send him material; he merely said he would think about what I said. But he did want to make the point, he added that, even if what I said were true, that still didn't explain why the United States Government turned down the offer of the Soviet leaders for a face-to-face meeting. Surely, he said, it will be good for the world's peoples if the world's leaders can get together to talk about their differences.

There was something almost symmetrical between his question and our own relationship. It was more than a matter of people coming together, I said; the conditions and the circumstances of the coming-together were important. There had been meetings before, but those meetings had failed largely because they had become ends in themselves rather than the solid stepping stones to specific destinations. Surely, if the main purpose of a meeting was merely to serve as a propaganda opportunity for one side to blame the other for the failure of the meeting, then nothing would be gained. And why have a special meeting when the United Nations itself offered the proper forum for settling disagreements? And if the United Nations as presently constituted lacked the basis for reaching such agreements based on justice wasn't it sensible to work for a stronger U.N. which did in fact possess such responsible powers, a U.N. which could command the confidence of the world's peoples? And why had the Soviet leaders opposed measures to strengthen the U.N.?

Emil Horst smiled and said that he didn't feel qualified to go into such complicated matters. All he could do was to have confidence in his leaders to do the right thing about such difficult questions. Besides, he hadn't been well informed about these things.

Once again I could feel the power of the separate worlds that claimed us. Emil Horst could argue only up to the point where a new frame of reference would be created; then he would stop or try to revert to the old. When a new fact was introduced which changed the old frame of reference he would invoke the leader principle. In a world that can be made right only if the individual surrendered his full role my table companion surrendered the most basic of all individual rights. New facts meant follow the leader, not assess the facts and help to mold leadership to meet them.

I REALIZED the matter could not—perhaps ought not—be pursued. I changed the subject and asked him about his boys.

"Two wonderful boys," he said. "Ten and twelve. Both away at a summer worker's camp. I pay nothing. We visited them last week. They look fine. They get exercise and discipline. They taught my older boy how to ride a motorcycle. I was surprised to see how well he did it."

He asked me about my family. I gave him a brief account. It was getting late and we got up to leave. I thanked Emil Horst, who replied that he was glad I had come and that he had tried to answer my questions to the best of his ability.

As we drove away from Stalin City Werner apologized for trying to steer the conversation away from politics.

"It is not much use to argue," he said. "Maybe if you could spend several days together, and you could give him evidence, point by point, you might get some ideas across. But as it is he's all involved in slogans which he really believes. Everywhere he turns the same ideas are hammered into him. Look at that over there—"

He pointed to a large sign across the scaffolding of one of the new apartment houses going up. The sign called for German unity against the destroyers of the peace.

"Everywhere you go in East Berlin it is the same thing. Large signs denouncing the Americans as Fascists. Large signs saying the Americans want to hold down the German people and make them their slaves. It doesn't make any sense to most of the East Germans who go over to West Berlin and who can see what is happening. These East Berliners don't get enough to eat. Their housing is wretched. They are under the thumbs of the Communist police. Finally, they rioted against the Communists. But it's a different story for the East Germans who play ball with the Communists and get into the inner circle. All these signs are reminders and make them feel right about what they are doing."

Once more Werner pointed to a large anti-American strip sign, its letters at least five feet high, across the front of a power station; then another across the façade of a warehouse; then another between two poles.

Then he said: "You know what bothered me the most about our visit back there? It was what the man said about his boys. I know all about those

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's *Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction*

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
BULLDOG DRUMMOND RETURNS *H. C. McNeile* (Crime Club: $2.50)	Beer-quaffing British battler for right takes niche in C.C.'s twenty-fifth Anniversary Series.	Author died 1937, but his hero goes marching on (likewise in movies, TV).	This thrilled father
THE BEAUTIFUL FRAME *William Pearson* (S&S: $2.50)	Mag. writer vanishes in missing-man stunt; evil minds plot bank snatch on him.	Highly involved plot turns large cast into marionettes; pace good.	Too much program
THE INNOCENCE OF EDITH THOMPSON *Lewis Broad* (Roy: $3.75)	Detailed recap. of famous English triangle case much debated since 1922.	Advocacy of woman's innocence convincing — view now generally held.	For devotees of the actual
PERILOUS HOLIDAY *Don Smith* (Holt: $2.75)	Yank OSS vet, touring Jugoslavia, digs up fortune, also [illegible] trouble.	Pace, geography good, but stock situation forecasts inevitable end.	Middle-grade time-killer
CRIMES OF PASSION *Edward D. Radin* (Putnam: $3.50)	Eleven U.S. fact cases involving love, lust, [illegible] death.	Distribution, variety good, but treatment superficial.	Run of the typewriter
STOPOVER FOR MURDER *Floyd Mahannah* (Macrae-Smith: $2.50)	Penniless youth drops off Cal. bus into civic celebration, violent death.	Confusing, overpopulated; characters [illegible] unlikely.	Won't do
THE FATAL STEP *Clarissa Fairchild Cushman* (Little, Brown: $3)	Nice Conn. auntie bopped; village chief puts heirs on carpet.	Plot and personnel (not too numerous) under full control.	Pleasant job
MURDER'S NO PICNIC *E. Louise Cushing* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Pleasant old lady stabbed at Canadian resort; house party entertains cops.	Overpopulated, also mildly confusing, but has good pace.	Spirited; needs tightening up
EXIT IN GREEN *Martin Brett* (Dodd, Mead: $2.50)	Balked Yank playwright vacations in Quebec spot; encounters siren, violence.	Pace at times frenetic, but yarn drags much of way.	Not too hot
HEIR PRESUMPTIVE *Henry Wade* (Macmillan: $2.50)	British wastrel, at end of rope (and family line), plots own enrichment.	Violent terminal switcheroo mars otherwise skillfully-told story.	Plus mark, on balance
DEAD DRUNK *George Bagby* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Inspector Schmidt, NYPD, looks into death of alcoholic ex-cop.	Over-conversational and involved, with some smooth writing.	Run of the shelf
JUSTICE HAS NO SWORD *Max Franklin* (Rinehart: $2.75)	St. Louis social worker (gal) in middle as Chi. mob moves in; local cops jump	Honest and meritorious job, but with some gimmicks.	Pleasant but palpable
THE DOCTOR WAS A DAME *Seldon Truss* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Big-time British physician (female) in death tangle; Inspector Gidleigh takes over.	Characters (too many) largely mannikins; the preposterous prevails here.	Goofy
THE BLACK CURL *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.75)	NY bachelors in pickle as guests come, help goes, bodies flop.	Plot too Gilbert-Sullivany; commendable minimum of characters.	Funny but farfetched
MURDER IN BRIGHT RED *Frances Crane* (Random House: $2.50)	Oil town scene of slaughter involving first families, also Pat and Jean Abbott.	Pro. handling most of distance, with some lapses; author's seventeenth color-job.	Orthodox
SHERLOCK HOLMES AND DR. WATSON *H. W. Bell* (Baker St. Irregulars, Inc., $5)	Sub-title: "The Chronology of Their Adventures"; whole canon examined by expert (first issued 1932).	Basic BSI number dates 111 yarns with humor and insight; Edgar W. Smith edits this.	Strictly for the elect

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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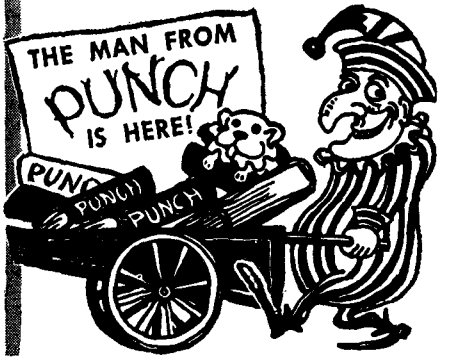

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when you learn about the living conditions of the majority.

But there is also the East Berlin minority which did not revolt—the Communist elite, the activists and functionaries who are part of the team, who live in Stalin City and who are just as convinced that Communism is the design of tomorrow as many of their fellow Germans—and perhaps even they themselves—were convinced fifteen years ago that Nazism was the only answer.

The East Berliners who revolted were not physically opposed by soldiers exported from Soviet Russia. They turned against a system operated by the Soviet; but the stones they threw and the clubs they swung were directed at other East Berliners who represented the instruments of an oppressor authority. No Russian Communists fired shots or were fired upon during the riots. It was a case of German against German: those who had been imposed upon against the agents of the imposition. In this sense the riots were only one of an increasing number of skirmishes in what is actually a civil war whose roots are not confined to Germany.

I do not say "ideological" civil war; it is much more than that. It is as complex as a human being himself. It involves human personality—all the things that go into it and come out of it. It is men preying upon other men: it is the strong undertow of an age of multiple pressures and confusions; it is a piling-up of historical forces and causes so great as to resist perspective itself.

It is important, it seems to me, to have some respect for the size and nature of the problem. I don't mean that we should stop everything until we psychoanalyze history, or that we should allow ourselves to become so intimidated by an intricate threat that we are powerless to meet it. But the easiest way to be caught off balance and become enfeebled is not to know enough about the danger that faces us, or to make easy assumptions that pull us down.

For no matter how heavily we arm ourselves against the threat of Communism we will not be fully armed until we know—know much better than we do now—why men go Communist. The most vital, and vulnerable, part of Communism is the point at which affiliation occurs. If we are to identify this point of affiliation we shall need more than flabby half-truths, stereotypes, and cuss words.

One stereotyped half-truth that shall have to go is the easy assumption that Communism is no more complicated than an empty belly. There are hungry people in East Germany who, far from turning to Communism, would flee it if they could. And there are people—many of them—who have never known hunger or hardship in their lives who have enlisted on the Soviet side. Wealthy businessmen have become Communists. In Hongkong they are a source of Communist strength; there is no worker's movement there to speak of. The hunger theory isn't the whole story.

Nor is the devil theory of Communism. This is the stereotype that Communism appeals primarily to the evil in man and that only evil men respond. There was nothing evil about Horst, the Communist activist I met in East Berlin, if by evil you mean cruelty, deceit, malicious intent. Horst was fundamentally decent, fundamentally likable. But he is a Communist. This is a man who may some day be given an assignment to supervise a mass murder, whose son may some day drop the bomb that may shatter my home.

Why, then, has he become my enemy? Why if he is not evil himself has he embraced an evil cause?

IN Horst's case the basis of the appeal was not evil but good. The arguments that persuaded him were not based primarily on hate. This is an important distinction that must be made between Nazism and Communism. The appeal to Horst was a deeply moral one; it involved, or professed to involve, the elements of justice and generosity of spirit. You and I know that this is a lie; but let us not deceive ourselves into believing that the lie is clearly recognized wherever it is uttered. And let us at least be aware that the lie exists and that it has great power. The lie cannot last forever, but it can last long enough to change history and churn up whole peoples in the process.

What, in particular, were the moral arguments that appealed to Horst? I cannot say precisely, but judging from what he said, and from the literature he read, I would say that he was told, and believed, that Communism meant idealism, equality, service to man, brotherhood, humaneness, social justice, freedom, opportunity, hope. I have not selected, nor do I use, these words ironically. Should you say that if Horst believes this he is a fool I will agree with you; but I would also ask that you know what it was that fooled him, and that what threatens us is a fool's paradise.

Will Horst remain a Communist? Can he possibly maintain his illusions—with all the contrary evidence around him, with thousands of his friends and neighbors turning against a monstrous hoax? It is hard to say. A lot depends on the depth not only of his commitments but his involvements. It depends too, perhaps, on the ability of the ideology to keep him comfortable in the belief that good ends justify bad means. Finally, it depends on the pace and the process by which he is assimilated into the lie. At some point his conscious share in the guilt and his need for self-justification may become synonymous with self-preservation, and Horst may in the end personify the evil for which he now is an agent and which came to him originally in the image of a powerful truth.

I do not believe that the path by which Horst arrived at Communism is the only path to it, any more than I believe that any single theory can explain the advent of Communism and its march in one generation across two-fifths of the world. But of one thing I am certain. It can be defeated only with affirmative values. It is less afraid of guns and bombs than it is of courageous idealism. Communism may itself turn to guns in its desperation; but the real decision, the ultimate decision, will turn on whether we ourselves fully understand the power of hope and can make enough people believe that our commitment to hope is total and undeviating. Not hope as a slogan but hope as a product of working ideals that are literally large enough to embrace the world.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 539

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 539 will be found in the next issue.

KA MYY YCRA ZASZYA KXS

WS IXCFQT, AUAF CB KA

SFYN TAA IXACH BMVAT SF

M VCQMH—OSL YCW.

—KCYYM VMIXAH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 538

My dear (non-lazy) Fraser Young, sourpuss fan begs humble pardon.—Laura Z. Hobson

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boys' camps"—he gave an ironical twist to the last two words—"and I think I know where it all leads.

"I was a member of the Nazi Youth—just as these boys are now in the Communist Youth Organization. When I was ten I was first sent to a summer camp. Each year after that I would go back. I would get exercise and discipline. I grew away from my parents. My whole life was in the Nazi Youth. When I was thirteen they taught me how to ride a motorcycle. It was the biggest thrill of my life. And I liked the discipline. I liked the uniform and the stripes I got with increased authority.

"Then one day—I was no more than fifteen, I think—they gave me a gun. They made me feel I was going to own the world. Now look at the world we own." He waved his arm in the direction of a row of bombed buildings.

"And today it is the same thing all over again, only they change the label. Yesterday it was National Socialism, today it is People's Socialism."

It was getting dark. The sidewalks of East Berlin seemed deserted, and not too many of the apartment dwellers had switched on their lights.

Then we swung into a street leading to Potsdamer Platz, the crossroads between East and West Berlin, the focal point of the riots of last June when East German crowds turned on the Communist police and tried to wreck one of the local Communist functionary headquarters.

In the distance we could see, very brightly, the large electric sign atop one of the West Berlin buildings on the border between the two sectors. It was an electric news board, flashing the news of the day in bright lights right into the heart of East Berlin. The few East Berliners we passed on the street did not stand still and stare at it; they're supposed to ignore it. But as they walked towards the light they would look up at it now and then, quickly.

We stopped on the East side of Potsdamer Platz and were searched by the sentries again and cleared. In a few minutes we were in West Berlin, cruising down the brightly lit Kurfürstendamm, with its hundreds of automobiles and their flashing headlights. Countless large neon signs dominated the sky. Smartly dressed couples were dining under the canopies of the sidewalk cafes.

Soon we came to the Hotel Kempinski, the flashiest and newest of Berlin's hotels and, despite its newness, now regarded as one of the great hotels in Europe. Under the modernistic marquee was a sizable crowd—almost all female, almost all young. They were indistinguishable from the bobby-soxers you occasionally see outside the large movie houses or hotels at home when celebrities are around. It turned out that the youngsters in front of the Kempinski were waiting for a motion-picture star, an American who goes by the name of Gregory Peck, now on location in Berlin. They had been waiting for hours and, I was assured, were prepared to wait for hours more.

I tried to get it all into focus; I'm not sure I did. The impulse was to blink and let it go at that. Besides, there was too much in the picture: hungry people at a food distribution station, among them two women who could tell you about a world that was far away in one sense yet frighteningly close and coming closer in another; an exhibition hall and stadium in which people are asked to view and accept a confident inevitability; a city within a city with long boulevards and spanking new buildings, dedicated to the proposition that Communism is in Germany to stay; a Communist activist who belonged to the new elite and who talked about his young boy and his motorcycle; a ride along some dark streets—then suddenly a dazzlingly bright boulevard with bobby-soxers near the entrance of a swank hotel. As I say, getting a single frame around this picture of a journey into two worlds was not easy.

FLYING out of Berlin several days later over the same countryside that I had seen during the days of the air lift I was still sorting my impressions. There were many elements, but some things began to stand out. The strongest of them was that no city in history, not even ancient Rome or Athens, had within it so completely all the elements involved in the crisis of its time as does Berlin today. No city in history has been more densely packed with conflicting historical forces; no city has had stuffed inside it such contrasting symbols, or has been cleaved so sharply into such different worlds. And no city has taken the shape of such a precarious fuse, with the world itself as the explosive.

The first eruption—minor in scope but titanic in its implications—had already occurred. The June riots were more than an isolated outburst. They were the escaping steam of something too far past the boiling point to cool off just by turning down the fire.

There were—and are—many visible causes behind the June riots against Communist control. These causes become apparent when you get to know the hungry people who cross over to get free food, or when you go into East Berlin itself and see the East Berlin policemen traveling in pairs armed with sub-machine guns, or

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University for Utopians

Continued from page 12

cieties require centers of independent thought and criticism if they are to progress, or even to survive. Academic freedom means that the independence of the thought that goes on in a university is so important to society that a man cannot be restrained or punished by those who pay him because he holds views with which those who pay him disagree.

The history of education shows that the crucial point in the management of universities is not who has the legal control. Free and independent universities have existed where the control of the state was undoubted. On the other hand, universities established by private groups have been distorted beyond recognition by the pressures that have been brought to bear on them. The crucial point in the management of universities is how the legal control is exercised. This depends on the understanding of the university and its purpose that is held by the community. It depends, in short, on the tradition within which the university operates. The first duty of the educational profession and of those who have the interests of education at heart is to devote themselves to the development of this tradition. The first step toward the performance of this duty is to exclude from the universities those activities which are not proper to it, which prevent understanding of the function of the universities, and which create confusion in regard to it. The award of college credit at Florida State University for being a clown is in my view as great a disservice to higher education and academic freedom as any of the carryings on of Senator McCarthy or Congressman Velde.

UNFORTUNATELY, these gentlemen would have no objection to the clowning program of the Florida State University, because that does not involve thought, still less independent thought and criticism. Like many other Americans, they unconsciously favor a custodial system. This shows the seriousness of our failure to develop an educational tradition in the United States. It also shows that many of us have a false idea of unity. One gets from some of the statesmen of the day the same impression, that under the influence of the Cold War they have concluded that a country is not safe unless it is united, which is true, and then that a country cannot be united unless everybody in it agrees with everybody else about everything, which is false. The pleas for unity during the last electoral campaign had the same specious quality. That civilization of which a true university is a paradigm is one that is based on the premise that the truth is arrived at by discussion. Discussion implies that there is more than one point of view. The notion that the truth is arrived at by discussion is peculiarly applicable to practical, political, economic matters. A civilization in which the opinion of the majority is taken on such matters and must then be adopted by all is one that is doomed to stagnation. It ignores the fact that the most precious possession of any society is the thought of the minority, even a minority of one. The rule of the majority without discussion and criticism is tyranny.

The great new term of reproach nowadays is "controversial." The dream of the public-relations man is that all the people of America will discern in his clients the perfect combination of all the popular stereotypes of the day. Hence the tendency toward flat conformity to what the public relations man discovers, through a series of careful polls, to be the prevalent opinion at the moment. Hence the elimination of men, ideas, books, and opinions that may attract unfavorable notice as differing from the prevalent opinion. In many quarters during the last political campaign a man became controversial by being for Stevenson. Professors who said they were for him were held to endanger the public relations of their universities, though those who were for Eisenhower were, of course, not controversial at all. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that in a democratic society controversy is an end in itself. A university that is not controversial is not a university. A civilization in which there is not a continuous controversy about important issues, speculative and practical, is on the way to totalitarianism and death.

Perhaps I should not say that the drive toward social and political conformity that we are witnessing today is un-American. I will say that it is un-Utopian. In Utopia if there were a House Committee on Un-Utopian Activities, as of course there is not, it would dedicate itself to seeking out and exposing those elements in the community which were trying to put an end to difference and hence to that discussion which the Utopians regard as the essence of true Utopianism. In Utopia the rich and the conservative agree that, looking at matters only in terms of their own selfish interests,

TWO WOMEN and a WAR

by Grete Paquin and Renate Hagen

Unusual, a little disturbing, the two diaries forming this book describe, not battles, but the effects of war on two German women. To one woman, it meant holding fast to her garden, her children, her friends—relief from constant propaganda. To the other it meant a desperate search for meaning and strength.

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I am Esther Costello.

(See Page 49)

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something that is hard for a Utopian to do, the preservation of free discussion and criticism is the best guarantee against violent attacks upon Utopian institutions. Because the University of of Utopia symbolizes the highest aspirations of Utopian civilization it naturally receives the support, the almost automatic support, of all classes of society. The only kind of university that could be popular with the Utopians is one in which the most lively controversy was continuously under way.

The award for the Most Controversial Person, which is bestowed with great ceremony on the anniversary of the day on which the Utopians declared their independence of the Philistines, is usually won by a professor of the University of Utopia. In Utopia the public-relations men are closely related to the priesthood and are usually called public-duty men. Their job is to point out to their clients what their public duty is. The public-duty men of Utopia are, together with the lawyers and priests, the conscience of their clients. They show them not how they can look better than they are, but how they can be better than they look. It is assumed that with the steady advancement of education in Utopia perfect Utopianism will eventually be achieved and that the class of public-duty or public-relations men will wither away.

The University of Utopia has men who serve to remind it of its public duty. They are called the Trustees. Their job is not to operate the University, but to criticize it. They criticize it in terms of its purpose. The Board of Trustees of the University of Utopia was created by legislation resting on the proposition that every autonomous body of men requires criticism and that it is not usually capable of self-criticism. The Utopians recognize that professors are people. They accord them the usual privileges of people, which is Utopian in itself; but the Utopians know that professors have the ordinary failings of people, the principal one of which is an inability to see beyond their noses where their own interests are involved. The Board of Trustees is a means of keeping the professors up to the mark. In Utopia, of course, the professors are in no sense employees. They are members of the educational corporations constituting the University of Utopia. They manage their own affairs, elect their own colleagues and officers, and determine their own programs of study and research. But they do all this under the constant criticism, public and private, of the trustees.

ONE question formerly much agitated in Utopia was what the limits of the discussion permitted to the people and more particularly to the educational system and the University were to be. The Utopians approached the matter with their usual common sense. They asked themselves what they were afraid of. They concluded that what they were afraid of was acts. They could not imagine themselves being afraid of ideas or of talk or of discussion. They therefore decided that any Utopian could say anything he liked on any subject at any time.

The Utopians think that what matters is what the individual man himself is like. They do not deny that a man's tendencies may be suggested by his associations; but they insist that organizations being what they are—Utopia is full of organizations, all of them rather loosely held together by statements of principle that are both voluminous and vague—membership in an organization is of slight evidential value in showing what a man is really like. If, for example, a man has taught with satisfaction to the University and to his students for twenty years the fact that he belongs to some organization that has been shown to contain some spies and traitors does not strike the Utopians as very impressive. In Utopia a professor is a citizen, and as a citizen may engage in any activity, public or private, in which any other citizen may legally engage.

The reason why the law sets the limits of a citizens's conduct is that the Utopians are determined that those limits shall not be set by the shifting prejudices of the time. They see no alternative but the law. The real academic crime is indoctrination, which is only slightly worse in Utopia than the crime of refusing to discuss. For these crimes a Utopian professor can be removed after a hearing by the academic body. I am told that the sentence of removal, followed by a ceremony of disgowning, is often visited upon a Utopian professor for trying to inculcate the principles upon which the Utopian constitution is based in the common opinion and for failing to bring other interpretations of the Constitution and of the common opinion to the attention of his students. The Utopian professor is supposed to have convictions, the deeper the better. He is not supposed to pump and pound them into his students, even

Regeneration

(After rereading "Leaves of Grass")

By Alfred Kreymborg

FOLLOW the leaves, follow the grass
and remember signs that never pass:
The beautiful form of earth that goes
from violet to the summer rose
and, where the face of autumn turns
yellow and red, the maple burns,
then bares its arms to darkening skies
that cover earth with the soft eyes
of snow, snow and a long sleep
that gives the living deep repose.

And follow her, old Nature who
gathers herself from gray to blue
and never hurries the slow or the blind
with what is beyond or left behind,
but takes a thing or a man to seed
further birth that she has to feed
with pangs of Life a mother feels
in all creation as she kneels
beside the crib or a flower-bed
where one more creature lifts its head.

For out of her shade old Walt moves on
to greet our age with a human sun
through whose mouth our children run
like merry plants for whom Love blows.
Leave it to him, leave it to them
to raise a common diadem
and rid the world of all its woes,
gathering joy through blades of grass
whose trumpet calls shall never pass
as Peace on Earth forever glows!

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though his opinions are shared by the overwhelming majority of the population.

The reason why the University of Utopia is so utopian is that the people of Utopia are utopians. The people want the kind of university they have. The educational tradition in Utopia is such that it would make no difference whether the educational system was operated by the state or by private persons. The educational system is supposed to be a continuing discussion of important subjects. The people want this discussion continued. They see no limits that must be set to discussion. Therefore the question whether the educational system is discussing improper questions does not arise. The only question that arises is whether the discussion is being conducted with sufficient vigor and sufficient representation of different points of view.

Our problem is, then, whether it is possible to have the University of Utopia without having Utopians. The answer would seem to be in the negative. Education is a secondary, dependent subject. Yet let us look somewhat more closely into the matter. If we conclude that we cannot have the University of Utopia without having Utopians we shall be in desperate condition indeed; for how shall we ever get Utopians unless we can produce them through the educational system?

IN THE first place, just how Utopian does a people have to be in order to establish the educational system and the University of Utopia? Apparently they have to be only this far along the road to Utopia: they have to want to get there. If they want to get there they will decide that the kind of educational system and the kind of university they want are the kind that Utopia has. These institutions are designed to produce wisdom. A country that wants them needs to want nothing more than to be wise.

I do not think it possible to say that education is irrelevant. The example of Prussia after the Napoleonic Wars and of Denmark after 1864 shows that great social and political results may be achieved through education. It also shows that a country can make up its mind to have a kind of education that it never had before and to lift itself by its own bootstraps into a different spiritual world. It can use the educational system to help it get there. The educational system is a means to the achievement of the country's ideals. The decision as to the ideals is made by the country, not by the educational system.

In the United States, that richest and most powerful of countries, is it possible to have the educational system and the University of Utopia? Not unless the people want them. Do they want them? It is hard to say. I think that in a kind of basic, unconscious way they do. In a kind of basic, unconscious way everybody everywhere would rather be wise than foolish. But think of the cost of the journey to Utopia. Think of the thought, the effort, and the drastic reorganization of our educational institutions. The most formidable task of all is that of persuading Americans to believe that they ought to want to become Utopians. The example of Prussia and Denmark suggests that thoroughgoing educational redirection may be possible only in a period of national humiliation. But progress by catastrophe is a repulsive doctrine: only a nihilist would favor it as a theory of social reform.

Still I suggest that the imminence of catastrophe and the insoluble character of such problems as Korea and the atomic bomb might be sufficient to shock us out of our complacency, to set us to wondering whether riches and power are enough, and to start us on the journey to Utopia.

If we can start what will sustain us on the way? I answer, the spirit of our country. The deepest values of the American tradition are the deepest values of the West. They are the values of Utopia.

The leading articles of the American faith are universal suffrage, universal education, independence of thought and action as the birthright of every individual, and reliance on reason as the principal means by which society is to be advanced. To the extent to which the American people have now forgotten or distorted these ideas, to that extent they have strayed from their own path. This was the path to Utopia.

When the history of our era is written it may be that the last fifty years will be seen as a mere transitional period, during which a country rose suddenly to overwhelming wealth and power, built the framework of a vast educational system, committed many aberrations because of the size and complexity of its undertakings and the novelty of its problems, but always cherished the underlying convictions that were to come to flower in the next phase of its development. In that phase substance will be given to the forms, direction will be given to the machines, that have been designed in the transitional era of construction and expansion. That substance and direction can be drawn from the deepest values of America and the West.

In the long painful journey to Utopia the American people have their own tradition, their own genius, their own spirit to guide them.

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CONTRASTS

NEW YORKERS looked with a skeptical eye on the entrance of the month of October this year. September had presented us with the longest heat wave known in the annals of the Weather Bureau and, a week later, with the coldest day ever registered for September. In between came days so brilliant, so beautiful, that each one was like a blessing. We find a parallel to all this in the children's books of 1953, as far as we have seen them.

Among these are some outstanding stories for both older and younger boys and girls—stories that are rich in background, original in plot and characters, and very well written. There are some new and delightful artists making picture books. And here we slip in a word of advice. When you select a picture book for a little child think not only of the child but of the whole family. Drawings like Hans Fisher's for "Pitschi" have in them as much humor and drama for adults and for older brothers and sisters as they do for the youngest member of the family. On the other hand, there is some very mediocre biography and stories with historical background. There is an unprecedented number of books that you might call "glorified" textbooks. They are purely informational, but in format and illustrations they are made to attract the eye. It is natural that small libraries and rural schools should spend their appropriation on books like these, but do they give the boys and girls a balanced diet? The faces of certain children rise up in this reviewer's mind to emphasize this: the little Irish girl over on the West Side of Manhattan to whom the old Queen in George MacDonald's "The Princess and the Goblin" was a greater moral force than her family, her teacher, or even, perhaps, her religion; the Negro boy, now a well-known writer, whose love of words was so great that he sat hour after hour reading the great poets to himself or to anyone who would listen; the Jewish boy, whose favorite book was "Pilgrim's Progress."

The selections this year of books to review in accordance with our space and a just estimate of their value will not be easy. We will do our best in the Book Week number.

October, too, brings Hallowe'en. Let us go back to the old folktales for our Hallowe'en Story Hour; "The Teeny Tiny Woman," "The King of the Cats," "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and Mark Twain's version of "The Golden Arm."

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

DANNY'S LUCK. By Lavinia R. Davis. Pictures by Hildegard Woodward. New York: Doubleday & Co. No paging. $2.50.

Here is a Hallowe'en picture book. It tells of Danny, who was born on the eve of All Saints' Day. On his seventh birthday Danny was told that there would be a surprise for him on his uncle's farm in the country. The surprise begins with the letter B. Danny tries to guess what it will be and to his delight finds it a little gray burro with long ears and sad eyes. Danny and the others make Jack o' Lanterns out of pumpkins. They dance in Hallowe'en costume and frightening masks. It is a pleasant, factual story, with many full-page illustrations, printed in black, dark red, and bright orange. The country fields with the stacked corn and the golden pumpkins, Danny's adventure with a very black cat named Inky, and the autumn look of the woods give the story a true Hallowe'en atmosphere. It is a companion book to "Wild Birthday Cake" and "Summer Is Fun."

—By Hildegard Woodward for "Danny's Luck."

TINKER'S TIM AND THE WITCHES. By Bertha C. Anderson. Illustrated by Lloyd Coe. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 147 *pp.* $2.75.

Quite different from "Little Witch" in tone, this is a realistic story set in old Salem at the time when witches were hanged on Gallows Hill. Tim's grandmother, Granny Tetlow, laughed at the fears that had spread among the townsfolk. Again and again she told Tim there were no such things as witches. But the time came when the people began to whisper about Granny herself. The young mother that she had cared for died. One of the selectmen looking in their window one night saw Tim's father doing a fantastic dance in the kitchen while Tim and Granny looked on and applauded. It seemed incredible that such little things could turn the people against brave, unselfish Granny Tetlow. But the danger was recognized and Granny had to be hidden away. It was a hard time for Tim. Everything in his world was wrong. Finally reason conquered, the magistrates ceased their persecution of the helpless old woman, and order and sanity returned to Salem. This is an appealing story and it brings to life, for the younger children, a strange period in the history of America.

LITTLE WITCH. By Elizabeth Bennett. Illustrated by Helen Stone. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 128 *pp.* $2.50.

This is a fantastic tale told as though it were stark reality. Minikin Snickasnee was the daughter of a witch and although mildly interested in magic she wanted to be like other children. Left alone always at night by her witch mother, she enticed the neighborhood children into her house and performed feats of magic before their wondering eyes. But secretly Minikin hated it all. She longed for a real mother. She longed to go to school, have friends and pretty things to wear. Her first appearance at school, on a broomstick, naturally caused great excitement. We are then told that Minikin's real mother is a lovely and gracious fairy, who appears out of the mist and brings Minikin all the things she so desires.

There is humor in the story, but unless one can accept the fantasy it is at times almost ridiculous. Some boys and girls will like it. Others will be definitely skeptical. The illustrations, by Helen Stone, are a delight to see. The humor in them is irresistible. It would be fun, however, to share the

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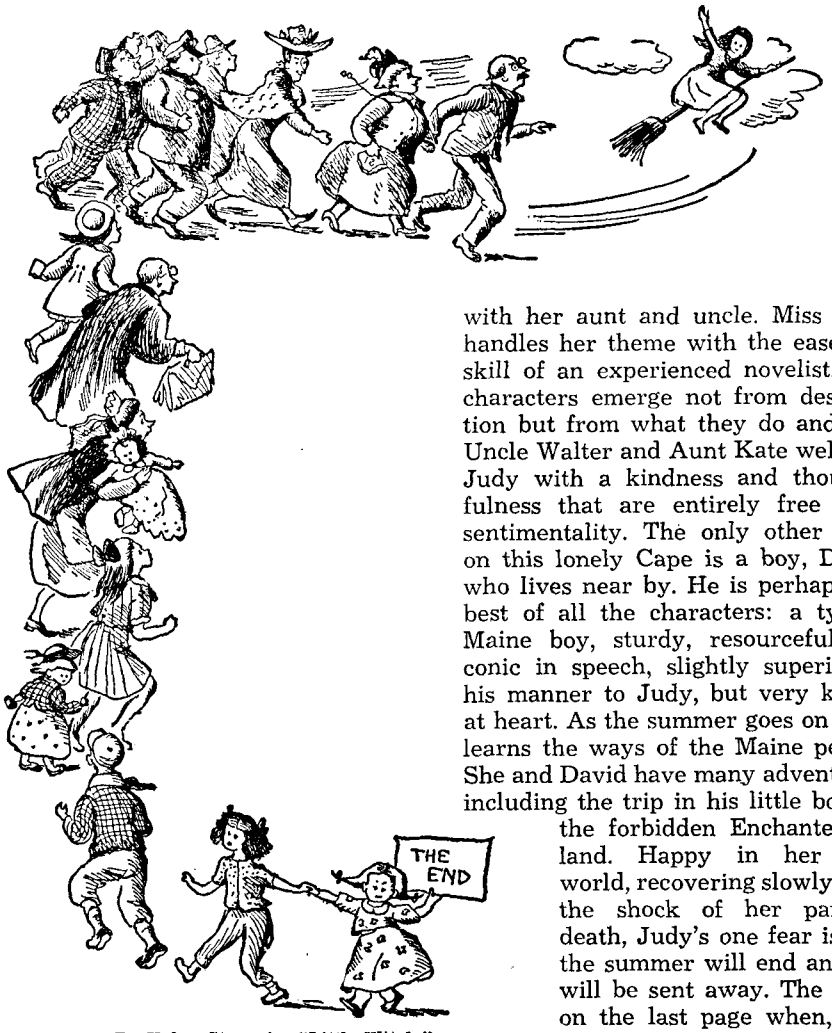

—By Helen Stone for "Little Witch."

story with boys and girls at the Hallowe'en Story Hour.

PROUD PUMPKIN. Story and pictures by Nora S. Unwin. New York: Aladdin Books. No paging. $2.

Nora Unwin presents us with a Hallowe'en picture book. It tells of a proud pumpkin which becomes in the end a chipmunk's home. What better fate could it have? The amusing drawings, printed in black and a bright orange, deserve better reproduction.

ENCHANTED ISLAND. By Elizabeth Ladd. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. New York: William Morrow & Co. 192 *pp.* $2.50.

This is an unusual story. There are some people who will say that only an adult critic will appreciate its quality. We, from long experience, are willing to wager that both boys and girls will see its value and take it for their own. It is the story of Judy who, tragically deprived of both father and mother, comes to remote Cape Oregon on the coast of Maine to spend the summer with her aunt and uncle. Miss Ladd handles her theme with the ease and skill of an experienced novelist. Her characters emerge not from description but from what they do and say. Uncle Walter and Aunt Kate welcome Judy with a kindness and thoughtfulness that are entirely free from sentimentality. The only other child on this lonely Cape is a boy, David, who lives near by. He is perhaps the best of all the characters: a typical Maine boy, sturdy, resourceful, laconic in speech, slightly superior in his manner to Judy, but very kindly at heart. As the summer goes on Judy learns the ways of the Maine people. She and David have many adventures, including the trip in his little boat to the forbidden Enchanted Island. Happy in her new world, recovering slowly from the shock of her parents' death, Judy's one fear is that the summer will end and she will be sent away. The scene on the last page when, in a few terse words, Uncle Walter asks her to live with them always is very moving in its restraint. Miss Ladd knows well the mind and heart of a child. Judy snatches the black cat, Nicky, up in her arms

> "Nicky," she shouted, "you're my cat now! This is going to be my home."

Evidently Miss Ladd knows well and feels deeply the rugged beauty of the Maine coast. Her word pictures of the sea, the sand, the rocky shore, of the sea and land birds, of the changing fields and meadows, of the wild flowers, and even of the brilliant summer butterflies are memorable. Every good New Englander will recognize with delight the farm kitchen and Aunt Kate frying her doughnuts:

> She was busy frying doughnuts and Judy was helping her. On the stove a black iron kettle of hot fat sizzled and smoked. Into this Aunt Kate dropped the rings of yellow dough, which sank out of sight, then popped up again, puffed up like balloons. When she turned them over with her fork the rings were a rich golden brown. All the little

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We accepted the job gladly because we were flattered to be asked into this famous series. Who could foresee that one's 36th book would be one's biggest problem? We thought we'd plan, then write, just like always. But no. It turned out we didn't know as much about electricity as we thought we did. So first we studied the subject—then wrote about it for *us*—as being in the same boat as young readers who don't know anything about it either. We carefully performed every experiment before describing it. Finally we got the first draft done. We didn't like it. Then we started from scratch and did a second draft. We sent it to Helen and Franklin. They didn't like it. Then we did a third draft. None of us liked it. What made us really mad was that Helen and Franklin knew exactly what was wrong. And worse than that, we knew they were right.

Any of our other books would long since have been on its way to the printer. Not because it would have been any less good but simply because anything—*anything*—is easier to write than a FIRST BOOK. Here you must get the essence of your subject matter simply and accurately and must not duck even very complicated things—but must somehow explain them with clarity—and all in as few words as possible. You must write *for* children but not *down* to them. You must write a book on which editor, publisher and author are in complete agreement, because on this harmony of ideas the fantastic FIRST BOOK sales record has been built. And when you're all finished—lo, the poor artist has only begun. He goes through the same thing—simplicity, accuracy and always, always, the best picture at the place where it helps the text most!

We admire Helen and Franklin as editors and publishers. We really do. On Cub Scout honor. But if you think it's possible to *love* anybody who puts us through a thing like this . . .!

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round center pieces that had been stamped out when the doughnuts were made belonged to Judy. She had stacked them up carefully to fry afterward all by herself, but now she popped one thoughtfully into her mouth. The raw dough was sticky, but it tasted of sugar and cinnamon.

The illustrations are disappointing. We should like to see this unusual book illustrated by an artist who would bring out more dramatically its characters and its background.

HURRAH FOR FREDDIE. Written and illustrated by Robert Bright and Dorothy Brett. New York: Doubleday & Co. No paging. $2.

This is surely the outstanding record for little boys and girls of the coronation of Elizabeth II of England. It tells of how Michael and his little horseman, Freddie, watched the procession and the Queen in her coach drive by on their way to Westminster Abbey. Here, printed in bright red and black, are the London bobbies, the foot guards, the soldiers, and finally the royal coach and the Queen. Here are the people who watched on that exciting rainy day. Here is London as Michael and Freddie saw it. And here, most important of all, is Freddie, who practically managed the entire affair. It is a gay and jolly picture book that registers for all time an historic event.

BURMA BOY. By Willis Lindquist. Pictures by Nicholas Mordvinoff. New York: Whittlesey House, 96 *pp.* $2.

A series of remarkable black-and-white drawings by Nicholas Mordvinoff illustrate this appealing story of a little Burma boy and a great elephant, who after long training had run off into the jungle and become the leader of a herd of wild elephants. All through his childhood Haji had known and loved the elephant well. He had no fear of him now. He longed to find him and bring him back to the teak forest where the elephants and their trainers lived and worked. The story tells of Haji's long and dangerous trip to the jungle, of his finding Majda Koom, and of the great elephant's refusal to recognize him. But later on, when Majda Koom and his herd charged a village, destroying everything in their path, it was Haji who finally forced Majda Koom to recognize him and won him back to the villages on the Irrawaddy.

The format of the book and the drawings will make it appeal to the younger boys and girls, but the older ones will thoroughly enjoy the story.

McGONNIGLE'S LAKE. By Rutherford Montgomery. Illustrated by Garry Mackenzie. New York: Doubleday & Co. 219 *pp.* $2.50.

When Mike McGonnigle came back to the Piney Woods country, his native land, he was driving a two-wheeled cart with a canvas top, and the cart was pulled by a pair of burros, Toby and Clarissa. With him was his family—Deanza, a badger, Mr. Grundy, a hoary marmot, a gentleman beaver, his wife and their three children, and Archie, a five-foot king snake. When Mike announced that he wanted buy the lake up on Bear Mountain a shyster real-estate operator sold it to him under a contract that gave Mike the lake itself but not one scrap of land around it. The land belonged to a wealthy rancher who had no use for Mike or his family. This is the story of the fight between Mike and Mr. Caldwell, the rancher, and of how Mike won it, ably assisted by the members of his family, red-haired Joe and a friend, Jerry, from the nearby town of Hillcrest.

Only the author of "Kildee House" could have made Mike's animals, including Archie, so real and so amusing. This is a story that children will love. It is illustrated with a series of black-and-white drawings, beautiful in design, of a California background.

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Fallen Elm

By I. L. Salomon

WHOEVER had felled the elm
had not cut it clean at all,
for it bled till falling snow
healed the wound with a silver caul.

The trunk, enameled in ice
veined white as a crystal sheath,
lay stiff in face of the wind's
new voice through its winter teeth.

Whatever it was that warmed
the elm to the roots in soil
was as merciful as spring
warming the heart of the bole

bound to the stump by a tongue
of wood like a navel cord,
a mother sustaining a child
in its embryonic world

until it could breach the wall,
and did,—as each upright stem,
leaves in the bud, burst green
from the fallen wine-glass elm.

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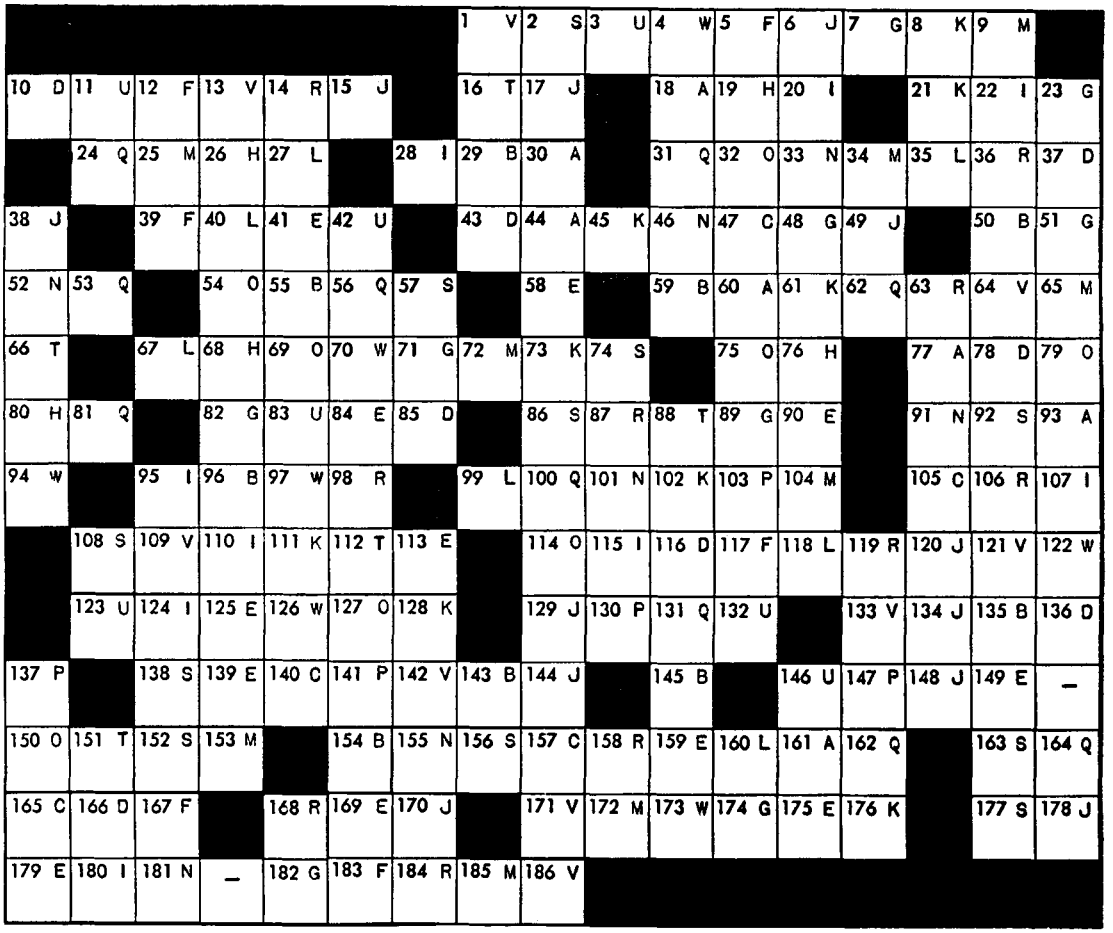
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Originally used for clearness in telephoning the signal "P.M." (2 wds.).	60 93 161 30 77 18 44
B. The Scottish terrain in and north of the Grampians.	29 55 135 96 154 145 143 50 59
C. Period for which a Mohammedan widow may not remarry (shorter for the grass widow!).	47 165 157 140 105
D. Densely stupid person (colloq. U.S.).	10 78 37 85 136 166 116 43
E. Tennyson's poem from which comes "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay" (2 wds.).	84 179 159 149 90 125 139 113 169 58 175 41
F. Entad.	183 117 39 12 167 5
G. Subject of 1953 Pulitzer Prize biography.	71 174 7 23 182 89 82 51 48
H. Popular name for period 1817-24 in Amer. history because of absence of political strife; title of 1953 Pulitzer Prize historical work (2 wds.; with Word J).	80 26 19 68 76
I. Certain meson resulting from collision of a positive meson with a neutron, or a negative with a proton.	22 107 180 28 115 110 20 95 124
J. Last two words of title in Word H.	49 6 17 38 129 120 170 178 134 148 144 15
K. An easy death or the means of producing one.	8 73 111 102 21 45 61 128 176
L. Certain dates named in a bond or mortgage when payment is due (2 wds.).	35 160 99 67 40 27 118
M. The after rope on either side of a vessel, of those giving lateral support to the masts, when there is an odd number on each side (2 wds.).	72 34 9 104 185 65 172 25 153
N. They who "die many times before their deaths."	46 33 52 155 91 181 101
O. Said of machines which can be cranked in opposite directions (comp.).	79 54 32 114 150 127 75 69
P. Manifest.	147 141 103 130 137
Q. To fasten the hatches of a ship with special coverings (2 wds.).	24 100 62 56 162 53 81 131 31 164
R. Specifying the "alarm" often sent out by New York police to all New England, New York, and New Jersey (comp.).	14 119 184 106 168 158 98 36 63 87
S. Latest American to win the Nobel Peace Award (full name).	74 92 138 108 86 2 163 156 177 57 152
T. Describing a country road in spring.	88 151 16 112 66
U. Originally used for clearness in telephoning the signal "A.M." (2 wds.).	3 123 42 11 132 146 83
V. Spaces between things.	142 121 186 64 109 13 1 171 133
W. At Eton College, Eng., one who cannot swim.	4 126 94 173 97 70 122

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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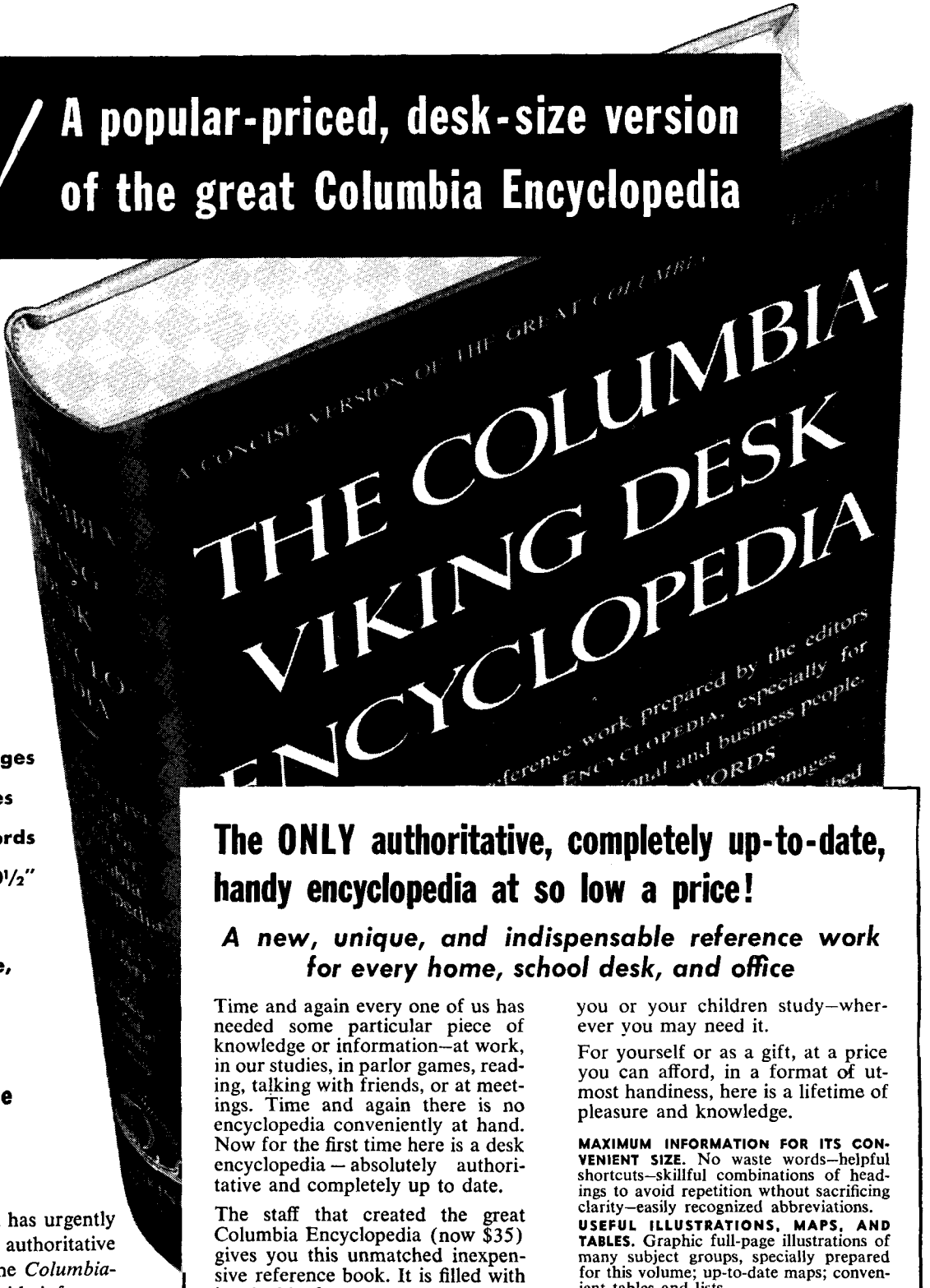

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